

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Walter A. Kerr
2112 Adams Ave.



JANUARY

A monthly magazine devoted
to the interest of the child,
the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home.

1865

Published Monthly by
Deseret Sunday School Union
Salt Lake City, Utah.

1910

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1910

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

for 1910 will contain many new features that will appeal to the Sunday school workers and the children. The magazine will be ENLARGED four pages, making in all, forty-eight pages of reading matter and illustrations. There will be numerous stories for the children. Stories will be printed which the teachers of the lower grades can use in illustrating their lessons. Special work for

The Kindergarten Department

will be a feature. The beginning of this work is in the December number. Be sure to look it over.

The Editorial Department

will contain articles on interesting topics of vital importance.

In the Sunday School Section

will appear all rulings of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. There will also be suggestions to superintendents and supervisors, and articles that will be of assistance to all Sunday School workers. No progressive Sunday School Worker can get along without the Juvenile Instructor. The children will enjoy the stories.

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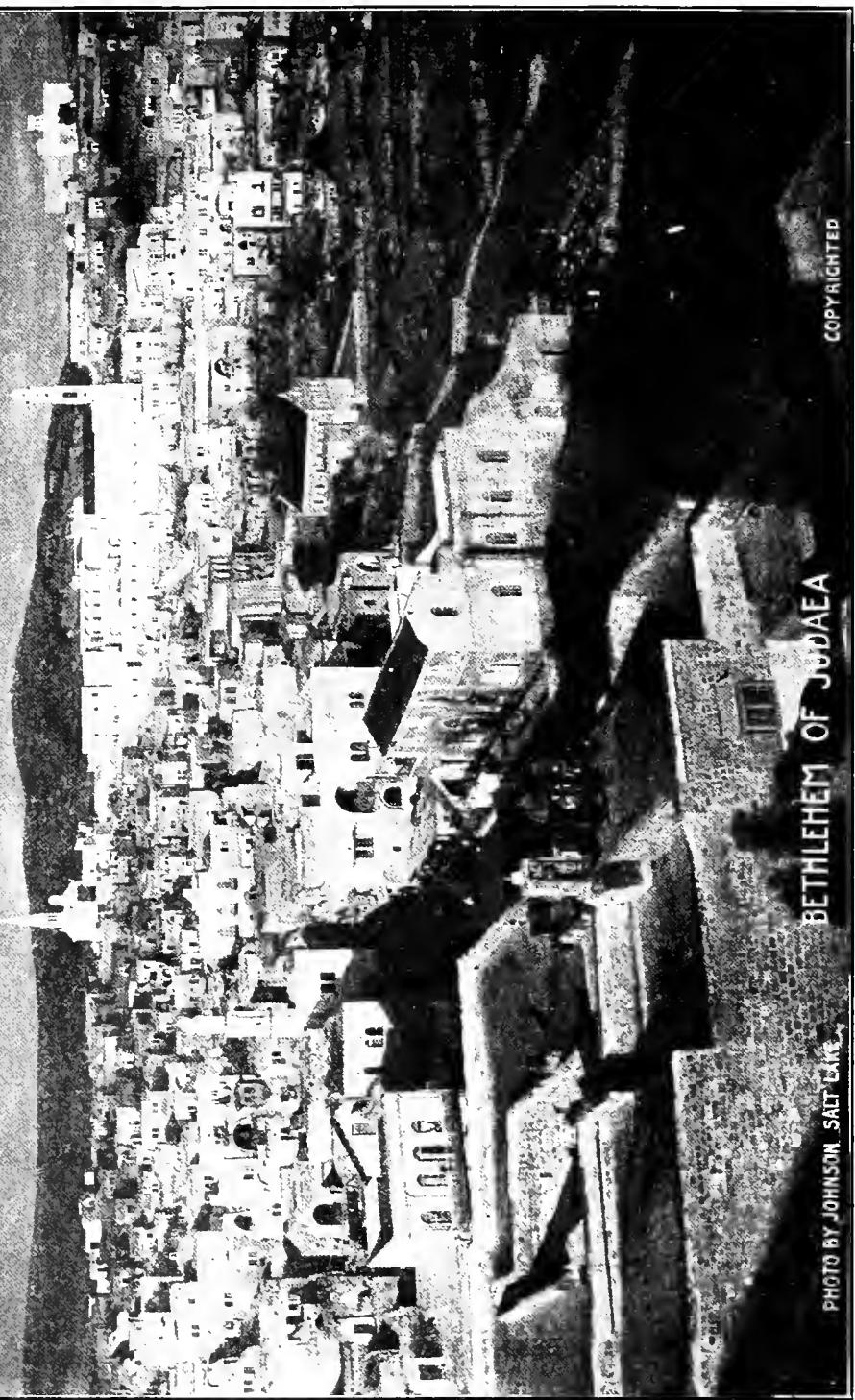
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BETHLEHEM OF JUDEA

PHOTO BY JOHNSON SALT-EM.

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BETHLEHEM, AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Mountford-Johnson Photo.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

VOL. XLV.

JANUARY, 1910.

No. 1.

Pictures of the Holy Land.

By *Charles E. Johnson.*

My Dear Little Juvenile Readers:

I have been asked to show you some of the pictures which I have taken of the Holy Land, and to tell you how the places that you read of in the Bible look. I had the pleasure of spending some months in the land where our beloved Savior lived and taught His people, and I am going to tell you briefly how I reached the Holy Land. I went in the company of Madam Lydia M. Mountford, the well-known Bible lecturer, who was born in the city of Jerusalem, and who, as a little girl, attended the Sunday Schools there, where she learned the English language, as well as the language of that country.

Leaving Salt Lake City, we ride on the train for days through wonderful canyons and mountain passes, over rolling prairies and through beautiful woodlands, crossing the mighty Mississippi and on past the Great Lakes, through busy cities with their great buildings and factories, until we reach New York, the largest city in our country. Here we go aboard a great steamer, as long as one of our city blocks, and after five or six days on the mighty deep, we land at Liverpool, England. From here we go to London by train, then to Dover, where we take a steamer across the English Channel to Calais, France. We then travel through the beautiful farmlands, vineyards and snow-capped mountains of France and Italy, until, after short visits to Genoa, Rome, Pisa, Naples and Pompeii, we reach Brindisi, Italy. Here we take the mail steamer, crossing the blue Mediterranean Sea to

Port Said, which is at the head of the great Suez Canal. From this point, one day's sailing brings us to ancient Joppa, now called Jaffa, where dwelt Simon, the Tanner (Acts 10:6), and Tabitha, or Dorcas (Acts 9: 36). A small railroad runs about fifty miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem, where one can ride five miles in a carriage or on a donkey to Bethlehem, and visit the spot where our blessed Savior was born.

BETHLEHEM.

Next to Jerusalem, no city in the world is so much revered by all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as Bethlehem, because it is the city that gave the world its Savior. The word Bethlehem means, when translated, "house of bread." We find it first mentioned in Genesis 35:19, where we are told of the death of Rachel and of her burial on the way to Bethlehem. Bethlehem is famous in early Bible history as the home of Boaz and Ruth (Ruth 1: 1-2), the native place of Samuel's father, and the birthplace of David. That it would be the birthplace of Jesus was told seven hundred years before by the prophet Micah (Micah 5: 2.)

It was in the city of Bethlehem that King Herod ordered the killing of the male children, in order that he might destroy the Babe whom he had heard would become King of the Jews. For some reason or other, of late years the births have shown a greater number of boys than girls, and the women of Bethlehem have a saying that God is

giving them more and finer boys than the other parts of the land, because he is making up to them what their sisters long ago lost. A great many of the girls and women make their living carving beads, which they sell to tourists and pilgrims.

The photograph shown was taken from the top of the Church of the Nativity, which is supposed to cover the very spot where the Savior was born.

It will give you an idea of the newer part of the city, most of which has been built in the last hundred years. Many of the streets and buildings in Bethlehem, however, are exactly as they were in the days of our Savior. Later on in the year we will show you the Church of the Nativity, and describe the peculiar Christmastide customs of the people.

A Happy New Year.

A happy New Year to the good and true
In every land and clime!
Though their number is but a very few,
They'll govern the world in time.
Each winter's death, and each summer's
birth,
Is bringing that time more near,
Then joy will come to old Mother Earth,
And she'll have a happy New Year.

Now the wicked rule, and the people
mourn
And toil from morn till night,
Enriching the men who with lofty scorn
Dole out their weekly mite.
For human muscle is plenty and cheap.
Though food be ever so dear;
So the poor may struggle and want and
weep.
God send them a happy New Year!

But the grand old Prophets of ancient
times
Predicted that woes should cease.

That earth should be cleansed from her
children's crimes,
And be crowned with the wreath of
peace;
That the laboring man should plant and
build,
While plenty his toil should cheer,
Inherit the fruits of the land he tilled,
And smile on each happy New Year.

And the day of the poor and the meek
has come,
Their sun has begun to rise,
And its rays shine bright on a happy
home
For them 'neath the Western skies.
Where the Saints of God have prepared
the way,
With a prophet as pioneer.
And the honest of ev'ry creed may stay
For many a happy New Year.

—Charles W. Peurose.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

Published Monthly. Price \$1 a year, payable in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Salt Lake City, as Second-Class Matter.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - JANUARY, 1910

Menace of Moving Picture Shows.

The attention of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board has been recently called to the evil effects of some moving picture shows that have been presented in various ward meeting-houses for charitable purposes. It seems that in many places they have become a positive menace to the morals of those that attend them. We are told that in a certain ward, the bishop, being called upon to pronounce a benediction at the close of one of these shows, felt constrained to say that he had no prayer that could be in harmony with such an evil performance.

Conditions that call for such a rebuke should certainly be remedied. Where the amusements are under the direction of Church officers in various wards it would seem that only one remedy need be suggested. Church buildings, houses of worship, dedicated to

God, should not be given over to picture shows or any other performance that are degrading, or suggestive of evil, or even questionable in their morals.

A strict censorship should be had over all picture shows that are presented under the auspices of the Church. Amusement committees ought to make themselves very sure, beforehand, when they would present a picture show, that the pictures are uplifting and pure. Whether this censorship shall be exercised in a ward or stake capacity is not material, it should however be exercised.

We do not condemn the picture show. On the contrary it is to be highly recommended if it is clean in its moral effects and inspiring of good. Such shows are a ready source of instruction and inexpensive entertainment. They may be cheery or full of fun and yet be wholesome. But make sure they are wholesome, before they are given to the people. The youth especially are very quick to act upon the evil suggestions that may come to them in such a vivid and dramatic form as the picture show presents.

Joseph F. Smith.

To Theological Workers.

Theological workers, read the article in this issue under the title, "Class members should be more active." The theological department committee of the General Board, desiring to see a change in the unfavorable condition mentioned in the article, urgently invites stake and ward workers to study carefully the conditions, apply the remedies and report the results.

The committee desires to hear from all stake and ward workers who are getting active participation in class work from class members. Tell us what you do and how you do it.

Come, let us work together and over-

come this difficulty and thus gain strength to overcome the next.

Address communications to Secretary Geo. D. Pyper.

Sunday School Union Book Store.

"Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse." So wrote the wise King Solomon, and his words came vividly to mind some days ago while visiting the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store and inspecting the well-selected stock of choice books and Sunday School supplies.

It will be news to some of our Sunday School people to learn that our Sunday School Union owns an establishment in which can be obtained the choicest of books for home reading and everything necessary to aid the teacher in his work. Every officer and teacher in the Sunday Schools of the Church, together with the pupils have, or should have, an interest in it; not a financial interest, it is true, but they should have a strong patriotic desire to see their own book store patronized. We are sure that the large majority of our fellow-workers feel this way; but some, through misunderstanding, do not. To such we would say, "Cast in your lot with us;" if you do you will be fully recompensed. Our store is not established for personal profit; the funds you send to us, or rather the profits from your trade will go into the Sunday School purse and assist in carrying on the work so dear to us all, viz.: Religious instruction of the children of the Latter-day Saints and others throughout the world.

So, fellow-workers, "Cast in thy lot among us;" at least come and visit our cosy quarters and we will assist you in selecting appropriate and approved books for your children.

The Parents' World.

We have before us a copy of *The Parents' World*, a new home magazine published monthly by the Parents'

World company and edited by Dr. E. G. Gowans.

The Parents' World is devoted to the problems of parenthood and home-making. It regards parenthood as of the dignity of a profession—indeed, the greatest of all the professions, and insists that those who enter it should have a thorough preparation for their important work.

The magazine is not intended for children but for fathers and mothers and mature young men and women who expect to become such. It specializes in the field that it has entered and does not expect to be of service except to the classes mentioned. It hopes to fill the need felt by earnest parents for a professional journal that will stand in the same relationship to their work as the medical journals and law journals stand to the work of the members of these professions. It aims to furnish to parents plain, unambiguous information on the subjects that are known to be of vital importance to them, shunning alike the mock modesty of the prudes and the unwarranted stand of the ultraenthusiast, but attempting to give only that which seems to bear the stamp of scientific authority, common sense, and morality.

The leading articles and the editorials have a very direct bearing upon the problems that confront parents, and the department of reviews gives a careful review with abstracts of the current literature on the subject. The departments of Home Economics edited by Anna Grant of the Latter-day Saints' University, Home Care of the Sick, by Dr. J. E. Moreton, and Literature for Children, by Howard R. Driggs of the University of Utah, are all ably edited, and filled with valuable matter.

The Parents' World will, without doubt, be of incalculable value to parents and Parents' Class workers.

Notes.

Some of the members of the General Board, in visiting the various schools,

find that some of them are not using the roll book which was prepared especially for the use of Parents' Classes. Sunday School officers, in explaining the absence of these books, say that they did not know such a book had been prepared. The book prepared by the General Board for the use of these classes contains columns in which to register the number of children in the Sunday School belonging to each parent enrolled. It shows also which department the children are in and whether or not they are officers or teachers, besides containing other information especially required by the parents. It is desired that every Parents' Class throughout the Church be supplied with one of these rolls, so that all of the details can be properly kept. These books may be obtained from our store, The Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, No. 44 East South Temple Street, for twenty-five cents, postpaid.

Salt Lake City Through a Camera—What the Mormons Believe. This splendid booklet, which has just come from the press, consists of

twenty-four beautiful views of principal places of interest in Salt Lake City and vicinity; also an exposition of the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by Elder Charles W. Penrose, President of the European Mission. It is an excellent work for the Saints to send to relatives and friends abroad. Price is fifteen cents per copy, postpaid.

Have you seen our complete price list? Have you learned that there is really nothing in books and stationery that you can not get at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store? We deal with the largest and most reliable houses in America. If you want anything, order from us. We will secure it for you.

A number of wards have forwarded very encouraging lists of subscriptions to the JUVENILE for the coming year. The Deseret Sunday School Union Board desires to express its appreciation of this interest, notably on the part of the Third ward of Brigham City, which sent us in ninety subscriptions.

My Baby.

By Orpha Roberts Walker.

*I walking poem, of rhyme and meter,
Is my little lady;
Could anything be dearer, sweeter,
Than my darling baby?*

*She has such charming, winsome ways,
In her large eyes of blue,
A little roguish spirit plays
Amidst the azure hue.*

*Her rosy cheeks are round and fair,
Her lips like cherries are,
And e'en, when tangled is her hair,
It can't her beauty mar.*

*Her cupid form, of fairy grace
Is molded perfectly.*

*The radiant health shown in her face,
Makes her most fair to see.*

*I hear the patter of her feet,
I turn with outstretched arms,
To clasp and kiss my babe so sweet,
"God shield from all that harms."*

*The world may have alluring joys,
That hold me for a measure,
But I always find my girls and boys,
Give me my deepest pleasure.*

*When in my youth I loaged for fame,
Believing this the best;
But now I seek no greater name
Than "Mother," the most blest.*

DEPARTMENT WORK

Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

Conventions for 1910.

Sunday School conventions not having been held last year, many who participated in those so successfully given two years ago, have felt that the year 1909 was lacking in an important Sunday School feature. The General Board decided a year ago to miss one year of convention work, and to urge stakes to apply in Union and local board meetings what was developed in general conventions.

This year, however, both stake unions and conventions will be made special features. The grouping of stakes and time and place of holding conventions will be announced in the next *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*.

Union Work.

Sunday School stake union meetings are held essentially for the benefit of officers and teachers. These workers travel, in no inrequent instances, many miles every month for the purpose of receiving help and encouragement. Now, on whom does the responsibility rest of giving to these teachers what they rightfully expect? It rests directly on the stake board. Not only on the superintendency but on every department. Every member of a stake board, therefore, must be a student, and should apply himself to the preparation of the Union meeting program in his department with as much zeal and energy as the most earnest of students ever devoted to the most interesting or difficult of lessons.

Progressive and profitable Union work means, not a general assembly, listening to generalities, but a meeting grouped for special department work, where specific instruction is given on

the lessons for the month in the respective courses of study.

Superintendents, then, must be prepared to give help to superintendencies; secretaries, to secretaries; Parents' Class workers, to parents class workers; Theological workers to Theological workers; and so on.

If stake superintendencies and boards will be prompt and regular in attendance at Union meetings, and will be thoroughly prepared on department work, stake Unions will be greatly improved.

Try it, stake boards, for 1910!

Concert Recitations.

Several years ago the General Board issued a list of concert recitations. These were taken up and in not a few cases, thoroughly committed to memory. Some schools are still repeating them while many are choosing others; some from the Bible, some from song books and others from various sources. As a result there is not uniformity in this matter even among the schools in some of the respective stakes, not to say in the Union.

In order to bring about more uniformity, it is suggested that the memory exercises that will hereafter appear in the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* be taken up by all the schools in the Church. Each issue will contain the concert recitation for the following month. Then all officers and teachers will have a copy, and every pupil will have access to it.

It may be that at a general Sunday School conference one of these exercises will be asked for. If so, ten thousand officers and teachers will be expected to repeat in concert any one of the exercises suggested.

Let us make the concert recitation a profitable exercise during 1910. That it may be, let teachers devote a little time to the developing of the thought in each memory gem, so that the children will not repeat, parrot-like, mere words, but words that have back of them clear thoughts.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR JANUARY.

(Matthew 7: 1-4; III. Nephi 14: 1-4.)

1. Judge not, that ye be not judged.
2. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again;
3. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?
4. Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR FEBRUARY.

(Matthew 6: 19-21; III. Nephi 13: 19-21.)

19. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:
20. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:
21. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Or,

(Matthew 7: 7, 8.)

7. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:
8. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Promotions and Advancements.

At the beginning of the year 1910 there will be no promotion from one department of the Sunday School to another. All the classes during the year 1909 should have been studying the first or third year in each department, or both, where there were more than

one class in each department. At the beginning of this year the classes will be advanced from the first to the second year and from the third to the fourth year. We have chosen to designate such a graduation as advancement rather than promotion, confining the term promotion to the graduation out of one department into another department.

It is hoped that all graduation will be made in accordance with the foregoing suggestions and that during the year 1910 all classes will be studying either the second or fourth year's work in each department, or both, and that no class will be found studying the first or third year's work in any department.

Ward Sunday School Conference Programs for 1910.

It has been decided by the General Board that the duty of preparing programs for Ward Sunday School Annual Conferences for 1910 shall be placed upon the respective stake boards. The work should be taken up and completed at once and copies of the suggested programs submitted to the General Board for examination. Upon approval, copies should then be forwarded to the Schools by the stake secretary in ample time for thorough preparation. The only requirement of the board is that arrangements should be made for the administration of the Sacrament and the presentation of the Sunday School authorities. All class recitations, exercises, songs, etc., should, of course, be in line with the Sunday School work and should not be of a secular nature.

Sacrament Gem and Thought.

Some time ago a resolution was passed by the General Board recommending to the schools that immediately prior to the administration of the sacrament the school recite in concert a short appropriate verse or text de-

signed to concentrate the minds of the children upon the sacred ordinance to be administered; and, further, that immediately after the administration of the sacrament, some adult person in the school be called upon by the presiding officer to express a brief sacrament thought which should also serve to impress upon the children the opportunities and blessings resulting from the sacred ordinance.

We hope that both of these exercises will be made brief and interesting, and in order to accomplish this result, we feel that it is necessary that careful preparation should be given to them. It will not be amiss to advise the person beforehand who is to be called upon to give a sacrament thought after the administration of the ordinance, in order that he or she may, under the Spirit of the Lord, give, in a few words, an idea that will tend to bring about a keener appreciation of the sacrament. This exercise should never occupy to exceed three minutes.

Believing that the schools generally would appreciate more definite suggestions as to material to be chosen for sacrament gems and that general uniformity in this exercise might bring good results, we have thought it wise to adopt the plan of recommending through the columns of the JUVENILE each month a sacrament gem to be used by all of the schools of the Church during that month, this gem to be learned thoroughly by the pupils and recited in concert immediately preceding the administration of the sacrament.

For the month of January we suggest the following verse from a well-

known hymn. The verse may have been used in some Sunday Schools, but probably no appropriate selection could be made from our standard works which has not been used by some of our people:

"While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and
pure."

Stake Monthly Reports.

The monthly reports to the General Board have proved to be a source of very valuable information to the Board and serve to keep the General Board in closer touch with the work of the stakes than any other method yet adopted. They furnish a basis upon which the General Board may plan its work for the stakes and make appointments to them.

The report calls attention to those vital matters in Sunday School organization, discipline, and class work that indicate pretty accurately the general condition of Sunday School affairs within the stake. It is of value to both the General Board and the stake reporting: To the General Board for the reasons set forth above and to the stake superintendency and board because it causes them to carefully ascertain conditions within the stake and ever keeps before them features of weakness and features of strength which is the first requisite for success.

We feel to commend and thank the stake superintendents and secretaries for their promptness and regularity in forwarding the reports.

NOW is the time; ah, my friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear,
They may not meet you in the coming year;
Now is the time.

—Selected.

Secretaries' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary.

Concerning Reports.

The first week in January will be a busy time for real live stake and ward secretaries. The monthly, quarterly and annual reports will all be due and the ward secretaries will have the additional work of revising the rolls under the direction of the superintendents. The ward annual financial and statistical reports should reach the stake secretary by Jan. 10th, and these should be compiled and forwarded to the General Secretary by Feb. 1st.

One difficult item to ascertain is the number of members in the ward between the ages of four and twenty inclusive; this is very important information, however, and forms the foundation for our enlistment work. By this time the stake boards should have hit upon an easy plan to secure this information without so much trouble as formerly.

In furnishing the number between four and twenty enrolled in the Sunday School, care should be taken not to include the Theological department as a whole because many of these pupils are over twenty years of age. By just this sort of computation some reports would show more members enrolled in the school than actually lived in the ward. Such reports often come in. It is safe to consider all enrolled in the Primary and Kindergarten, First and Second Intermediate Departments as between four and twenty, but to be accurate the Theological classes should be polled.

The blanks for 1909 contain one column more than heretofore—the one calling for percentage of officers and

teachers lawfully excused. We have been asked if this means the percentage of absentees lawfully excused. To this inquiry we answer, no; the percentage must be based upon total enrollment and ascertained the same as the average attendance. For instance: If you have an enrollment of 200 and you average 150 in attendance and 10 excused each Sunday, your record would be: Average attendance, 75 per cent; lawfully excused, 5 per cent. Thus you account for 80 per cent of your officers and teachers.

Again, we are constantly being asked why Parents' Class statistics should not be included with the other school statistics. The reason is obvious. The Parents' Class is made up of members whose attendance is uncertain and the average is small of necessity because very often the father has to stay at home to allow the mother to go, and when the father attends the mother is obliged to remain at home. To include these statistics with those of the regular grades would reduce the percentage of attendance to a point which would be unjust, and misleading. Therefore the Board prefers to keep them separate at least until such time as the average attendance of the parents reaches that of the pupils.

Now, dear secretaries, let this be an active year in this department of the Sunday School work. Our labors sometimes grow monotonous, but the more life and originality we display the more interesting will our duties become. And we are just as much entitled to the Spirit of the Lord to assist us in our work as any other officer or teacher in the school or stake.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

—Emerson.

Treasurers' Department.

John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

The Nickle Fund.

The General Board desires to express its thanks to the stakes that have been so prompt in sending in their "Nickel Fund" collections. This loyalty to the wishes of the brethren having the Sunday School work in charge is deeply appreciated. Many of our superintendents fully realize the need of means to carry on the work of the General Board and that the Nickel Fund is the only source of revenue at its command. The expense attached to the organization has doubled in the last few years, yet the burden on the Sunday Schools has never been increased since the first establishment of the Nickel Fund. At the time of this writing, however, a number of stakes have made no report, though no doubt, before this number reaches its subscribers, many will have done so. In some cases the Nickel envelopes went astray, though all were mailed in ample time; but on this account the books of the treasurer will be open until the 15th of January to enable the superintendents who failed to receive envelopes to send in the fund and get credit during the current year. Brethren, an

immediate response will be appreciated.

* * * * *

For many years a rule has been in force that there should be no collections in the Sunday School other than the "Nickel Fund" collection, which occurs the last Sunday in October. It has come to the knowledge of the Board recently that several schools have broken this rule and have called for donations for various purposes, among which might be named fast offerings, local expenses, books, etc.

The General Board addressed a communication to the First Presidency on the subject and received in reply the following letter, which is to the point and sufficiently explicit to settle the question beyond any doubt:

"We improve this first opportunity of signifying our approval of the rule adopted by the General Board of Sunday School Union to the effect that no collection shall be taken up in the Sunday School other than what is known as the Nickel Contribution.

"Your brethren,

"JOSEPH F. SMITH,
"JOHN R. WINDER,
"ANTHON H. LUND."

Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will, during this year, try to be of more service to the organists and choristers than ever before. At least one song or voluntary will be printed each month and helpful instructions given by our best musicians. Young composers will be encouraged and their compositions,

if meritorious, published. The song "Zion" contained in this issue is by Charles S. Nebeker, a young pupil of Director Evan Stephens. The short sentence, "Father we thank Thee," should be learned by heart and used on occasions when a brief closing number is desired.

Zion.

"O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain."—Isaiah 40: 9.

C. S. N.

Charles S. Nebeker.

1. Zi - on, hope of Is - rael's thousands. Get thee to the hills of God;
 2. Lift thine en - sign to the na - tions, Lo the tidings gladsome are!
 3. Now thy mes - sen - gers are spreading Gospel truths o'er land and sea,
 4. Lord may we, Thy humble children, Pow'r begiv'n the light to see.

Thou that bring'st to us good tidings, 'Bide ye on the mountain sod.
 God still watcheth o'er His Israel, And will gath - er them from far.
 List ye peo - ple to the mes - sage, "Come," saith God, "now un - to me.
 That in Zi - on, New Jer - u - s'lem, We may walk and be with thee.

Zi on. Zi on. ho - ly cit y, Let thy light a - rise and shine,

Gather now thy sons a - d daughters, To ful - fil God's word di - vine.

Father, We Thank Thee.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

Father, we thank Thee for Thy great love; Guide till we meet in heav'n above.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

Parent and Child, Vol. II.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS AS TO ITS INTRODUCTION AND USE.

Most Parents' Classes throughout the Church must have considered with more or less thoroughness the contents of Volume I of Parent and Child. They are therefore ready to take up the new lessons. The new year is an excellent time to turn over "the new leaf." So, if the classes in any one stake are ready, let all begin on the new book. Each stake should be uniform in its work except where for special reasons some ward has been granted the privilege of dealing with a local condition for a certain time.

Parent and Child, Vol. I, dealt with the home environment. Vol. II considers problems outside of the home; it begins to work upon the general subject of the community environment, taking up two divisions—Our Social Pastimes, and Our Educational System. The lessons can be followed as they are outlined; they are arranged rather systematically, each following the other in a somewhat logical order. But it is not required that the lessons be considered as laid down. On the contrary, it may be wise at times to study each lesson when the time is ripest for it.

Grouping of the subjects is especially suggested. That is, certain subjects that bear on a general idea should be taken up together. To be specific, it is suggested that the classes arrange to take up Part I of the lessons somewhat as follows: (The grouping is not binding; it is only suggestive.)

Group I. Introductory lessons:

1. A letter; 2. Influences in our Social Environment; 3. The Gospel of Pleasure; 4. Proper Balance in Pastimes; 5. High-minded Pleasure.

(This group is best taken up at first)

Group II.

1. Public Pleasures; 2. Our Holidays; 3. The Dance; 4. The Theatre; 5. The Common Show; 6. Concerts and Recitals; 7. The Public Lecture; 8. The Public Library.

(This group is most seasonable for fall and winter.)

Group III:

1. Sunday Observance; 2. The Excursion; 3. The Public Resort; 4. Refreshment stands; 5. The street corner habit; 6. Athletic sports; 7. Gymnasium and Public Playgrounds.

(It is advised that the classes begin work on this group of lessons right after April Conference.)

Group IV:

1. The Saloon Evil; 2. The Wayward Child; 3. Games of Chance.

(The last group should be considered during August and the early fall if possible. It is probable that additional lessons will be substituted during those times by the Parents' Class committee.

Let the classes begin on Vol. II as soon as the majority of the classes in the stake are ready; let the lessons be taken up when they are most seasonable; group the lessons as suggested for economy and better work; and finally strike into the work for practical results.

For Parents' Class Supervisors.

In the November number of the *JUVENILE* there is printed an article entitled "Instructions to Parents' Classes." Stake supervisors are urged, in the second paragraph of the article, to take the initiative in organizing ward Parents' Classes, and to take up the matter with the stake president.

the ward bishop, and the local superintendent. No mention is made of the stake Sunday School superintendent; but, of course, it is not intended that a stake board member shall ignore his own superintendent. The stake supervisor should consult first the stake superintendent, then the stake president, then the bishop, and finally the ward superintendent. Stake superintendents and supervisors should take note of this order, that there may be no misunderstanding.

Howard R. Driggs.



Howard R. Driggs, whose portrait is presented herewith, began service as a teacher in the Intermediate department in Pleasant Grove Ward about 1890. In 1893 he was chosen as superintendent of the same school which position he held for four years. In 1897 he moved to Cedar City and helped to establish a normal training Sunday School, having charge of the Primary

and Intermediate departments. During the year 1901 and 1902 he returned to Salt Lake and was called to assist John M. Mills in conducting the Book of Mormon class in the University Sunday School. The year following, on returning to Cedar City, he was again called into the Sabbath School and for three years was head teacher in the Theological department. In 1905-6, while a student in the Chicago University, he was called to take charge of a Missionary Theological class and continued in this service for a full year. On returning to Salt Lake to resume his work in the University, he made his home in the Eleventh Ward. In June, 1907, he was called to the work of establishing the Parents' Class in that ward. For about eight months he held that position, then he was called to a position on the Ensign Stake Board to fill the place made vacant by the death of Elder John E. Hansen, as supervisor of the Parents' Classes in the stake. On Oct. 27, 1909 he was sustained as a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, which position he now occupies. His special fields of labor are the Parents' and Librarians' departments.



Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Cooking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;

Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

—Selected.

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman: James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Class Members Should be More Active.

At the beginning of 1910 the Theological first-year class will advance and become the second-year class and commence the study of the "Apostolic age."

The third-year class will become the fourth-year class and will take up "Doctrines of the Church," as its work for the year. Where there is only one theological class in the school it will be advanced from the third-year class to the fourth-year class. Stake board members should see that the schools are uniform in their classes as to the work taken up.

Uniformity guarantees the greatest results from the labors of Stake Board members in Union meetings and in visits to schools. Let us be united in an effort to make 1910 the best year in theological work in the Sunday Schools of the Church.

The most general criticism offered by visitors to Sunday School theological classes is that class members are inactive, the teacher does nearly all the talking. The attitude of merely listening contributes comparatively little to mental development; and, what is worse, when one is in this attitude he rarely listens attentively or continuously. His mind is apt to wander to things quite remote from the lesson under consideration.

The problem of the teacher is how to get satisfactory response from class members. The first pre-requisite to the attainment of this end is thorough preparation on the part of the teacher. This preparation must relate, not alone to the subject under consideration: it must include a fair knowledge of the general subject of the course together with special preparation on the lesson of the day and that of the following

Sunday. This thorough preparation of a lesson upwards of a week in advance is necessary in order that the teacher may properly assign the lesson for the following Sunday. Class members frequently fail to prepare because in the assignment of the lesson the teacher has made no impression upon their minds. In naming the subject of the next lesson the teacher might properly call attention to the chief sub-topics, and give out a list of pointed questions to be answered the next recitation. This will leave in the minds of the class members something definite as a basis of preparation for the following Sunday. It is a great help in attacking a problem to go at it with some idea of the nature of the problem, and having in mind definite and significant questions to be answered. If students can be induced to read the lesson during the afternoon or evening of the day it is assigned, while these questions are fresh in their minds, it will be a great help. Furthermore, if the lesson is to be well thought out, it must have time to grow in the mind of the student. If the beginning of preparation is deferred until Saturday night or Sunday morning there is little time for growth to take place.

Thorough preparation of all the topics by all the students is the ideal to be striven for; but, before this ideal is realized, it may be helpful sometimes to make special assignments of questions or topics to backward individuals as a means of starting them out in class discussions.

In conducting the recitation the teacher must have definitely in mind the points he wishes to make in the lesson; but instead of trying to "pour in" his knowledge by the lecture method, he should seek to develop these points in the minds of the class members by systematic questioning. The class re-

citation provides opportunities for this method, and therefore has a great advantage over the public lecture or sermon. The mind must not be regarded as a vessel that can be filled, but as a living, growing, thinking organism that develops through its own activity. The purpose of the recitation is to stimulate spiritual growth through well balanced mental activity.

Sunday School teachers often ask, "What can I do with a class when the members have not even read the lesson?" They are like a defective pump, you have to pour in a bucket of water

before you can pump any out. So with an unprepared class, you have to give them the lesson before you can draw it out of them. Tell the lesson as concisely and interestingly as you can, and do not take more than half the class period for this purpose. Following this with a series of thought questions on the matter you have presented.

Aim—To stimulate thought on religious questions, and to develop faith and virtue in the young people that you are called upon to lead.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

What is the Measure of Progress?

Just a year ago there appeared in the columns of the *JUVENILE* an article showing forth clearly and forcibly the conditions of our department and suggesting lines in which improvement ought to be made. It would be well now to measure ourselves and the results of our work and see to what extent we have solved the problems or overcome the difficulties then stated.

Statistics that are right up to date are unfortunately not available. But a comparison of the reports for the last two years (see *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, Vol. 43, pp. 362-363, and Vol. 44, pp. 350-351) shows the situation for the time they cover to be about as reported a year ago. Yet real improvement and progress in the solution of the tremendous problems confronting our department may have been made.

In a general way, results are not yet known. But it is to be hoped that each Second Intermediate teacher has in his own school and in his own department statistics and information by which he may measure his own works and progress for the year. And now, in order to correct and improve your future work by your past experience you ought in all honesty to the great mis-

sion and responsibility entrusted to you and to your better selves to make such measurement.

During the year have you by diligent effort in visiting the Saints alone or with workers of other departments, ascertained the number of young people in your ward eligible by age to be in your department? And have you, by spiritual missionary work done among the unenrolled, drawn in as many as possible and thus reduced the wide disrepancy between the number you have in attendance and the number you ought to have? Is there in your class a young man or a young woman now interested in the Gospel and forming under your guidance proper spiritual habits who a year ago was out in the cold and whom you can now point out with joy as a product of your love and work? Do you have in your soul the joy and the exhilaration and do you look for the great reward of one who has brought even one soul to the Lord? The opportunity has been before all teachers of this department and the mission has devolved upon them to do this work, and we are sure that many can answer in the affirmative and have seen the results and felt the joy of the work of salvation.

But the problem is not yet complete-

ly solved. The opportunity is before you this year as it was last, and the responsibility of feeding the lambs of God still is yours, and God has said that whatsoever you do unto one of those little ones you do unto Him. Let us see to it and determine that the present year shall be even more productive of results than the last.

A few months ago a letter was sent from the general committee at the head of this department to the chairman of like committees on stake boards. This letter called attention to the matter mentioned above in this article. But it brought many other questions to the notice of second intermediate teachers. This letter has undoubtedly been read and its questions considered in the department meetings at your stake unions. It is to be hoped that it has not yet been laid aside. It contained suggestions timely and worthy of the best efforts of progressive teachers for months to come. The topics dealt with in that letter should be brought by the head of the department in the stake before the teachers in departments at union meetings and in other places where it is convenient till the teachers take an attitude on

those questions and thus get into the habit of helping to solve them. Only thus can we hope to overcome difficulties and make real progress in our great work.

Shortly there will be sent to each head of the second intermediate committee in stake boards, duplicate blanks to be filled in and questions to be answered along the lines of the topics mentioned in the letter sent out some time ago. One of these when filled in is to be returned to the General Board, for the purpose of the enlightenment of its members, and to enable them the better to co-operate with you by visits to your stake and through the columns of this magazine. The other copy of the filled in report should be put on file by the Second Intermediate committee in the stake for their own reference and information. This will keep consciously before us the real condition, as far as reports can represent that, and enable us to co-operate the better in the great work that mutually devolves upon us of teaching the Gospel to the children of the Saints and leading them to form the habits of Christian character.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; W'm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

The Fourth Year's Work.

During this year, the work taken up will be the course of work outlined for the fourth year. In most stakes the Sunday Schools of at least part of the wards will be sufficiently large for two or more classes. In such cases, the classes will be so grouped as to study the subjects covered by the second years outlines as well as the fourth. This has been explained in detail and is generally understood, but is again referred to here as a reminder to new officers and teachers.

The space in the *JUVENILE* at the disposal of each department is necessarily small, but we deem it proper to here briefly refer to the subjects treated in the second and fourth years courses above mentioned. The second year course consists of a study of the Old Testament from the creation to the time of the Prophet Daniel. A more fertile field in which to glean stories that will appeal to children does not exist in all the realms of literature. In addition, the marvelous hand-dealings of our Heavenly Father with Ancient Israel furnishes a never-

failing supply of faith building material with which to store the mind at this wonderfully receptive age.

In the outlines furnished by the General Board, thirty-six lessons (three for each month) are provided for the year. The remaining sixteen Sundays are allowed for fast day exercises, and for conferences or special programs.

Of the lessons provided, two each month are outlined in detail, while in the third topics and text are suggested and the outlining left to the stake and local officers. It is generally conceded that by this method, and with the sixteen extra Sundays above alluded to, the local teachers, acting under the advice and direction of the respective stake boards, will have an opportunity to develop their individuality and to more fully realize the purpose of an outline and its real use in the Sunday School. Again, in this special work, the teacher will plainly realize the suggestion made in the introduction to the outlines themselves that nearly every lesson contains elements for a number of aims for the lesson; and wisely choose as The Aim that which appeals most to the teacher, and which therefore would be most likely to appeal well to the class. Let us here urge the necessity of thorough preparation and express the thought that an aim even though perhaps not the very best that could be chosen from a suggested lesson, will, if well understood by the teacher and presented in an enthusiastic, intelligent way, prove more effective than an aim of greater importance poorly presented to the class. The main thing is for the teacher to intelligently enthuse himself if he would arouse the dormant faculties of his pupils.

The fourth year's course is divided into two parts. The first half is on incidents connected with the lives and ministry of the early apostles. In this study, the New Testament gives a fund of information that provides a good foundation for the lessons covered by the outline. Of course, the

study of this book is of the highest importance and many beautiful passages can be memorized by the pupils with added interest to the class and with great profit for use in after life. Not only are these faith-inspiring, but the language itself is classical in its simplicity, beauty and eloquence.

Teachers should seek to specially qualify themselves for their work by reading books that will give a correct idea of the country in which the events transpired and of its climate, and its history and position at that time among the nations of the earth.

The last half of the fourth year is devoted to a study of the restored Gospel and the events in Church history subsequent thereto; with a somewhat brief reference to the great apostasy that followed the death of the apostles who lived at the time and shortly after our Savior.

Perhaps a word as to the importance of the First Intermediate department may not be out of place. From both standpoint of members and the age of pupils, stake and other workers in charge of the First Intermediate Department ought to be thoroughly alive to their duty. At the close of the year 1908 there were 27,741 pupils and workers in the First Intermediate Department of the Sunday Schools of the Latter-day Saints—a larger number than in any other department of those schools. The task of furnishing every Sunday mental and spiritual stimulus and food for that number of human souls should be undertaken with due regard to the responsibility involved and with active appreciation of the results desired. Again at the age of these pupils (9, 10, 11 and 12) they are rapidly acquiring habits of thought and of life that will do much to make or mar their happiness for life. During these four years, most children awaken to the responsibilities of life. One year before entering this department, our Heavenly Father deems them old enough to be baptized and thereafter to be accountable for sin.

Many a boy during these years of his life forms mental resolutions that help him to safely weather the storms and avoid the temptations that youth almost inevitably brings to him. Strong attachments are formed. Ideals take definite shape. The boy is becoming father of the man. Fortunate for him if the environment and mental and spiritual food of home and Sunday School build for him so sturdy a frame that he can endure without serious injury the knocks of fate and the temptations of the destroyer!

This is the age when the child, although merging into youth, has not become restive under restraint; has not grown to believe himself wiser and greater than both parents and teachers. At this time the child still listens almost unquestioningly to those who instruct; and lessons of vital force and purest thoughts should be given to the pupil and so impressed upon the fertile mind that the child not only believes the Gospel, but also lives it. How infinitely greater it is to live a truth than to proclaim it! Belief alone is not enough. Satan and his hosts do that. But now before pernicious habits both of body and mind fasten their tentacles upon the youth should our children be taught to live by the Divine Light and walk ever in the better path. How can this best be done? In some schools and wards the workers are few, the facilities imperfect and inadequate. How can these difficulties be overcome? Lack of sufficient workers can be supplied by increased zeal on the part of those who do work; and lack of appropriate surroundings, by earnest sympathy with those who so greatly need help. Indeed without sympathy for all God's children (simply another name for that charity of which the Apostle Paul so beautifully writes) it is useless to attempt to become an efficient Sunday School worker.

Canon Farrar says, "We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors and render to the world a

more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit, than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition. A man may lose position, influence, wealth, and even health and yet live on in comfort, if with resignation, but there is one thing without which life becomes a burden—that is human sympathy."

Few, if any, Sunday School teachers among the Latter-day Saints, are obliged to work as hard for their own support or have as little leisure at their disposal as had Mary Ann Clough, the Glasgow factory girl of whom Samuel Smiles tells in his excellent work on "Duty"—

"She worked with her hands for her daily bread; but love, the greatest educator lifted her up to a higher field of labor. It was only when her day's work was over that her labors of love began. She saw a great many poor boys employed in the foundries, who seemed to have no one to care for them. They were utterly neglected, and were only initiated into the lessons of vice. The girl had compassion on them. 'I will try,' she said, 'If I can win them to God, and to doing what is good.' As soon as she had formed her resolution she endeavored to carry it into practice. She asked for, and obtained, the use of a room below the factory in which she worked. She opened it on a Sunday in June, 1862. She soon drew a number of foundry boys about her, with ragged clothes and dirty faces, from the back courts where they were wont to spend their time in smoking or in coarse merriment. She taught them to spell, to read, to be clean, to be good, to be religious. She loved these poor, wandering, neglected boys. She truly helped them in their time of need."

This noble girl's efforts were not confined to Sunday. And although she herself worked from morning to night in a factory on small pay, and at exhausting labor, she found time to visit her pupils at their homes or in the miserable surroundings that gave

them nightly shelter and to so impress them with the necessity for right living that they became distinguished from other boys of the same class and calling by their superior industry, their good conduct, and their freedom from profane language, until the author quoted tells us "Mary Anne's boys" became a proverb in the foundries. After about three years' labor in this good work, Mary Ann Clough, we are told, was compelled, by failing health, to turn over most of this strenuous work for the betterment of the youth to others. "But the seed which she had sown took root, and ripened into a goodly crop. In 1865 the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society was formed. In six years it had enrolled 14,000 boys and girls, superintended by a staff of about 1,500 monitors, and more than 200 gentlemen. More than 300 gentlemen delivered addresses to the young people in various parts of the city. Everything was done for their social elevation. Their Society formed a link between the Sunday School and the Church. Religious and secular education was freely imparted. Temperance was the keynote of the institution. Penny banks and savings banks were established. Bands and choral societies proved another source of power. Every Saturday evening a musical entertainment was given. Everything was done to withdraw the young people from the carelessness, ignorance and wickedness of city life. Though it still preserves the name of the Foundry Boys' Society, its uses have been extended until it has become a society for all classes of working boys and girls. The good

which it has already done is inexpressible. Would that every city had an institution of similar kind!

Sylvester D. Bradford.



Elder Sylvester D. Bradford, the subject of this sketch and whose picture accompanies, was born at Murray, April 27, 1874, and was a member of the South Cottonwood Sunday School from 1880 to 1896. He became a member of the Salt Lake Stake Sunday School Board and was active in that service from 1896 to 1898.

Elder Bradford filled a successful mission to the Northern States from 1898 to 1900 and upon his return became a member of the Granite Stake Sunday School Board. He energetically engaged in that work from 1900 to 1902.

Upon removing to Ogden he was appointed a member of the Weber Stake Sunday School Board and served from 1903 to 1908. In the latter year, upon the division of the Weber Stake, he became Superintendent of the North Weber Stake Sunday Schools and served from August, 1908, to July, 1909. On August 17, 1909 Elder Bradford was unanimously sustained as a member of the General Board and is regarded as a faithful and painstaking member. His special field is the First Intermediate Department.

A new commandment I give unto you. That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. — John 13:34.

Primary and Kindergarten Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.

Primary Work.

To the workers in the Primary department of the Sunday Schools of the Deseret Sunday School Union we desire to extend the season's greetings and wish each and every one a happy and successful New Year.

We congratulate you upon having so beautiful a subject for your lesson work—that "sweetest story ever told," the Life of Christ.

How best can that Life be impressed upon and become a daily inspiration to the boys and girls is a question that should occupy our attention, be given our most careful and prayerful thought and study, nor laid aside until satisfactorily answered.

Become so thoroughly familiar with Palestine, her people, their manner of dress, the homes they lived in, their customs, etc., that you can put yourself in that land and live under those same conditions; then make the children feel the same and live among the characters, and pass through the scenes covered by the several lessons.

If this mental picture is clear to the child with what interest and pleasure will he listen to and absorb the story of "The Birth of Christ," join in such a song as "Shepherds were watching their flocks thro' the night," and how firmly will there be fixed in his mind and how vividly will the story be brought to his remembrance each time he hears such a memory gem as "Fear not, for unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

Bid good-bye to the "aimless" lesson, first by making our study of the text with the intention of determining the great truth it is meant to teach, the truth most applicable to that certain lot of boys and girls given to our watchcare, and then weave the story to impress the aim, bring out strongly

the illustration and drive home in the best way possible its application. Never be satisfied with a lesson until it has made an impression upon the children that will be an inspiration to good action.

When necessary to use a moral story see that it bears upon the aim of the Bible lesson. Avoid the sensational and see that the moral story does not overshadow the more important, the Bible lesson. Remember that the more you study the Bible story and comprehend its lesson, the more you will see in it and the less need will you have of the moral story. Never forget that the moral story is only a means to an end; don't let it become the end.

We agree with one of our most devoted Sunday School workers who says: "The time at our disposal is very limited—the question is not, 'Is this a good thing to do?' but, 'What is the best thing to do?' Only one hour out of one hundred and sixty-eight! Must we not endeavor to fill it with pure gold?"

Try to use as memory gems for these lessons, quotations from the text. Oftimes a verse contains the essence of the lesson, and by using a quotation from each lesson, by a few questions from the teacher the lessons may be reviewed from the beginning, the children responding in Bible language.

No one can doubt the influence of songs upon the child mind, and if songs are chosen that enforce the lesson aim, they have a two-fold value.

Bring in the subject of baptism, which is so essential to the members of the Primary class, as often as practicable, and make especial use of the opportunities this course of lessons offers, to impress this ordinance upon the children and prepare the unbaptized for its administration.

To summarize:

Familiarize yourself with Bible history, in addition to that of the text, so you can understandingly connect the lessons of 1909 with those of 1910.

In order to make the story interesting, the setting must be definite, and clear mind pictures must be given. Go to other books than the Bible for help in this.

Determine as to every lesson the aim most helpful to your class. Choose songs, memory gems and moral stories when necessary, calculated to impress the aim. Use the first two in reviews. Keep the aim of your lesson constantly in mind and question upon the *aim*. Study the art of questioning and insist upon complete answers.

Get the lesson back from the children, either by questions or letting them tell parts of it until the whole is given back.

Remember that children love the Life of Christ, and with the children in the right attitude towards the subject, with an earnest, prayerful, enthusiastic teacher whose outside reading and study enables her to live at the time, and among the conditions which she pictures, these lessons will become a part of each child's life, creating in his mind high ideals that will influence every action.

Accustom yourselves to lay out your lesson along these lines:

Introductory:

- (a) Point of contact—leading from the known to the unknown.
- (b) Correlation.

Lesson Setting:

- (a) Time.
- (b) Place.
- (c) Peoples.
- (d) Physical conditions, customs, dress, etc.

Lesson Story:

- (a) Topic headings best calculated to develop the aim.
- (b) Parallels intended to bring the lesson picture more vividly to the minds of the children and strengthen the aim.

Song:

- (a) For the earlier lessons, upon the birth and childhood of the Lord.
- (b) Later, the songs of His love and mercy.

Memory Gem:

Taken from the text where practicable, and such as will enforce the aim.

Illustration.

Application or enforcement of the aim.

We invite suggestions for the betterment of the work of this department, and information as to what we can do, either through the columns of the JUVENILE or in personal effort, to help the workers, suggesting that local workers make them known to their stake workers and they to us.

Robert Lindsay McGhie.



Robert Lindsay McGhie was, as a youth, assistant secretary, then secretary, and later Chorister and teacher of the Normal class in the SugarHouse Ward Sunday School.

From 1900 to 1903 he was Sunday School chorister of Granite Stake. From 1905 to 1908 he was chorister in Farmers Ward Sunday School. On August 17th, 1909 he was unanimously chosen as a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

Elder McGhie is a teacher of wide experience, popular throughout the entire state, and his influence on the Deseret Sunday School Board is sure to be felt. He has been assigned to the Primary and Kindergarten Department, and readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will often find the results of his experience expressed in the section of our magazine devoted to the little tots.

Kindergarten Work.

To enable our Kindergarten teachers to preview the month's work in their Union meetings, we publish in this number the Kindergarten lessons for both January and February. The March lessons will appear in the February number. We are indebted to Sister Marion Belknap for the material for these lessons.

JANUARY—FIRST SUNDAY.

Fast Day Exercises.

Picture Day—Review.

SUGGESTIONS.

This Picture Day gives a splendid opportunity for the teacher to see if the children have gotten the truths which have been taught during the month. If the child can tell in his own words the truth you have taught, that is its little testimony.

The teacher should have a picture illustrating each lesson. The children are to tell the story the picture tells them. To make this day a profitable one for the children, they should be grouped in as small groups as possible, each teacher knowing each lesson and truth and having a set of pictures in her lap. One by one, she shows the pictures to the children, who then tell her, briefly, the story. If they tell the facts and do not bring out the aim that was taught, then the teacher should, by skilful questions and suggestions, cause them to feel the truth that the facts tell.

Illustration—Father Time's Visit.

FATHER TIME'S VISIT.

"Just tonight," pleaded Charlie. "I have never sat up to see the New Year come in yet."

"Very well, dear," said mother, "but I am afraid you will get very sleepy."

"No, indeed, I shall not be sleepy. Besides that, this is such a good chance to read the book I got for Christmas."

Outside the cold wind was blowing around the house and the snow was drifting, but in the room where Charlie

and his mother sat there was a bright, warm fire burning. Winter could not get in there; but they could often hear the wind whistling, and were glad that they were out of the storm.

Charlie was soon reading his book; but then he got tired of it, and taking his chair over by the grate, he sat looking into the fire and thinking of the New Year that was just coming.

Soon an old, old man came into the room. His hair was long and white and he was covered with snow. Under his arm he carried a large flat parcel. He walked over beside Charlie.

"Don't you know me?" he said to Charlie, with a smile.

"No," answered Charlie, "I think I have never seen you before."

"Well, well, that is strange," said the old man. "I know you well. I have seen you many, many times. I am old Father Time. Perhaps you have heard of me. I saw you were waiting for the New Year, and I thought I would come and talk to you and show you something."

As he said this, he took from under his arm the parcel he carried, and handed it to Charlie, who was so astonished and excited that he could scarcely unwrap the parcel. Finally he got the paper off and found a large book, on the cover of which was written "1909."

"Come to the table, and we will look at it," said Father Time.

They both drew their chairs up to the table, and Father Time opened the book. Charlie looked at the first page in wonder. He rubbed his eyes and then looked again. In the center of the page was a picture, painted in bright, beautiful colors, of a large room with many children in it, all looking very happy. Charlie knew it was a picture of a party that he went to last New Year's Day. Yes, sure enough! There was Charlie himself just giving his place in a game to a timid little boy whom nobody else had noticed. The little boy had given him such a sweet smile of thanks, and that

same smile was on the face in the picture.

"I think that must have been a very happy day," said Father Time, looking kindly at Charlie.

"It was," said Charlie; and then Father Time turned to another page. There were no bright colors on this page; the picture was dark and gloomy; but Charley could see a hill, and boys coasting down it. There, coming down the hill, with his sled running into a large rock near the track was Charlie himself. As he looked at the picture his face saddened. Yes, he remembered it. It was last winter. Mother had told him not to coast on that big hill, but he thought he knew more about hills than his mother did. He meant to go down just once; but in going down that one time the sled went so fast he could not tell how to steer, and he had run into the rock. He was hurt, and was taken home to mother. Even now he can see her face, so sad, but so sweet; and as Charlie thought of it the tears came into his eyes so that he could scarcely see the picture.

"Here is a brighter picture," said Father Time, turning over the leaves.

Charlie looked. It was another bright colored picture. Now it was springtime and a little boy stood by a bird's nest, just putting back in the nest a poor little bird that had fallen out. Charlie thought nobody knew of this.

Father Time turned page after page. Some of the pictures were beautiful, and others were dark and gloomy. Charlie found himself in each picture, and remembered what he had done.

"That was a fine day," he said, as they turned to a picture of the procession of the Fourth of July. What a good time we had that day."

Father Time kept turning the pages, and Charlie found that all of the little things he had done, and had almost forgotten, made the pictures either beautiful or dark and sad. It made him sorry to see the dark ones, and

Father Time looked sad, too.

They were getting near the end of the book. It was winter again. Here was a page with a large beautiful picture on it. A smile came to Charlie's face. How did Father Time find all these things out? It happened only last week. He had such a nice, new sled that Santa Claus had brought him, and was going out one morning to try it, when he met a little girl, poorly clothed, large holes in her shoes, and the saddest face Charlie had ever seen.

"Do you want a ride?" he asked her.

"Would you give me one?" she had said.

"Of course I will, just get on." She looked so happy. He had meant to give her a little ride and then go with the boys, but when he ran fast she laughed and clapped her hands, so he thought he would take her for a long, long ride. He could go coasting some other time, and perhaps she could not have another ride.

Father Time looked at him and smiled. "We like the bright pictures the best, don't we?"

"Charlie, Charlie! Wake up. It is almost time for the New Year to come," Charlie heard his mother saying. He got up, rubbed his eyes, looked at the table and all around the room. Where was the book, and where was Father Time?

"I was afraid it would be too long for my boy to sit up," said mother.

Just then the bells began to ring, and Charlie knew that the old year had gone, and that the New Year had come. When the bells stopped ringing, he went to his mother, and putting his arms around her neck, he whispered:

"Mother, I am going to try to have more beautiful pictures in 1910 than I had in 1909."

"More beautiful pictures!" said mother. "I don't know what you mean."

Charlie thought of Father Time and said, "I am going to try to make this year a happy one."—Selected.

REST EXERCISE.

Once a trap was baited,
With a piece of cheese,
It so tickled a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger
Be careful where you go."
"Nonsense," said the other,
"I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly,
Nobody in sight,
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.
Snapped the trap so quickly,
Closed as quick as wink,
Catching mousie fast there
'Cause he didn't think.

(Make the trap with one hand and
the mouse with the other.)

Note.—So far as the lessons will permit, one aim will be used for the entire month. The reason for this is that the children in this department are mere babes and their minds are not always capable of grasping a truth with one presentation of it. There is no need for the truth to become tiresome if the application be made in a different manner each time.

Subject for Talk—The Cold Weather and Jack Frost (See note in 1909 December Juvenile.)
Child.

JESUS ONCE WAS A LITTLE CHILD.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with the first two staves containing the first two lines of the melody, and the subsequent staves continuing the melody with the remaining lines of the lyrics. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Je-sus once was a lit-tle child, A lit-tle child like
2. He played as lit-tle children play, The pleasant games of

me; And He was pure and meek and mild, As a little child should
youth; But He never got vexed if the game went wrong, And He always spoke the

be, So, lit-tle chil-dren, let you and
truth. So, lit-tle chil-dren, let you and

me Try to be like Him, try, try, try.
me Try to be like Him, try, try, try.

JANUARY—SECOND SUNDAY.

Subject—The Flight into Egypt and Return.

Text—Matt. 2.

Aim—Obedience to the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord always brings protection.

It was through obedience to God's will that Joseph and Mary were able to escape from the hands of King Herod. According to an ancient legend Joseph and Mary remained two years in Egypt. Herod had no means of identifying Christ, so he had all the children under two years of age cruelly put to death. While the Holy Family were in Egypt, Herod died as miserable a death as he had inflicted upon many of his subjects, and notice of his death was quickly given to Joseph. On hearing that the younger son of Herod was reigning Joseph knew there would yet be no safety, so, obedient once more to an intimation of God's will, they turned into Nazareth of Galilee where they lived in obscurity.

Application—Just as soon as that little voice within us tells us not to take something that belongs to mamma or sister, we must listen and do the right thing quickly.

Illustration—Saved from death by a Falling Tree, "Leaves from My Journal," Wilford Woodruff.

SAVED FROM DEATH BY A FALLING TREE.

In 1848, after my return to Winter Quarters from our pioneer journey, I was appointed by the Presidency of the Church to take my family and go to Boston, to gather up the remnant of the Latter-day Saints and lead them to the valleys of the mountains.

While on my way east, I put my carriage into the yard of one of the brethren in Indiana, and Brother Orson Hyde set his wagon by the side of mine, and not more than two feet from it.

Dominicus Carter, of Provo, and my wife and four children were with me. My wife, one child and I went to bed in the carriage, the rest sleeping in the house. I had been in bed but a short time when a voice said to me, "Get up, and move your carriage." It was not thunder, lightning or earthquake, but the still, small voice of the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost. I told my wife I must get up and move my carriage. She asked, "What for?" I told her I did not know, only the Spirit told me to do it. I got up and moved my carriage several rods and set it by the side of the house.

As I was returning to bed the same Spirit said to me, "Go and move your mules away from that oak tree," which was about one hundred yards north of our carriage. I moved them to a young hickory grove and tied them up. Then I went to bed.

In thirty minutes a whirlwind caught the tree to which my mules had been fastened, broke it off near the ground, and carried it one hundred yards, sweeping away two fences in its course, and laid it prostrate through that yard where my carriage had stood, and the top limbs hit my carriage as it was.

In the morning I measured the trunk of the tree which fell where my carriage had stood, and I found it to be five feet in circumference. It came within a foot of Brother Hyde's wagon, but did not touch it.

Thus, by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to me I saved my life and the lives of my wife and child, as well as my animals. In the morning I went on my way rejoicing.—"Leaves from My Journal," by Wilford Woodruff.

MEMORY GEM.

How can a little girl be merry
In snowy, blowy January?
By each day doing what is best,
By thinking, working for the rest—
So can a little child be merry,
In snowy, blowy January.

JANUARY—THIRD SUNDAY.

Subject—The Childhood of Jesus.

Text—Farrar's Life of Christ. Luke 2:39-42.

Time—Between the second and twelfth years of Jesus' life.

Place—Little village of Nazareth.

In the eleventh chapter of the Apocryphal History of Joseph the carpenter, it is stated that these are the supposed words of Jesus: "I passed all my time without fault. I called Mary, my mother, and Joseph, my father, and in all they said, I was obedient to them, nor did I ever resist them, but submitted to them—nor did I provoke their anger any day, nor return any harsh word nor answer to them." Jesus lived and grew as the little peasant children live and grow today, in that quiet little town. The houses are plain with white roofs. On a sort of a shelf around the wall are placed the gay colored quilts, which serve as beds, and one these same shelves are the earthen vessels for daily use. From the center of the room hangs a lamp, and near the door stand the large common water jars of red clay. Jesus must have helped fill them with water and put the green twigs on top to keep the water cool. Jesus took off his sandals before he entered the room just as the children do now, and it is the custom also, for the youngest member of the family to pour water over the hands of all before and after each meal. This water is poured from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. At the meal time, a painted wooden stool is placed in the center of the room with a large tray upon it. From the dish of rice and meats which stands on the tray, all help themselves in common. Then there was the carpenter shop where Jesus must have helped Joseph every day.

The education of a Jewish boy of the humbler classes was almost solely scriptural and moral, and his parents were as a rule his sole teachers. So Mary His mother, with the help of

God, the Father, taught Him the great truths by which He afterwards influenced the world. What a sweet, simple, contented life His must have been, there in the little village of Nazareth!

Application—There are so many times every day when a child can be obedient. He can remain in and watch the baby while mamma is sewing—because there *are plenty* of times for play.

WHEN MAMMA WAS GONE.

Bessie was as happy as a little girl could be. She fairly danced around the room for joy. Grandma had sent her a flat-iron. Not a tiny, toy one, only fit to be used on dolls' clothes, but one big enough to do real service. It happened to be ironing day, too. Out on the kitchen table was the big basket full of clothes, nicely sprinkled and folded.

"May I help you iron today, mamma?" asked Bessie, in a pleading voice.

"I am afraid you are hardly big enough to iron the large things," replied mamma. "Suppose you iron dolly's sheets?"

"But my iron is big enough to iron the big things" continued Bessie. "Won't you let me try?"

"Yes, I'll give you a towel to begin on, and see how well you can do it," said mamma.

Bessie was delighted, and put her iron on the stove to heat it. And after a little time mamma thought it was hot enough and Bessie brought her iron-board and holder. The towel was laid on the board and she set to work. First she carefully wiped the iron on a paper, as she had seen mamma do, and then did her very best to make the towel smooth, after which she carefully folded it and hung it on the line. When mamma looked at it she said it was done very nicely.

"All right, Bessie, I shall let you iron all these towels, but be sure not to try to iron any of the other clothes." So

she laid a pile of towels on the end of the table, and left Bessie to work away at them while she went upstairs to make the beds.

Backward and forward went Bessie's iron, until five smooth towels hung nicely folded on the line.

By this time the iron was cool, and again she put it on the stove. Just then one of her playmates came to see her.

"Hello, Annie, just look here and see what I've done!" she cried, pointing to the towels. "Grandma sent me a real iron, and mamma said I might iron all these things. It's such fun!"

"Did you iron those towels, yourself?" asked Annie.

"Yes, every one of them," replied Bessie. "Don't they look nice? Mamma couldn't do them much better, could she? There, my iron must be hot again. I think I will iron a pillow slip. I guess mamma won't care," and she took one from the basket and laid it on the board. Down went the iron upon it; there was a strange smell, and as she lifted the iron she saw a dark brown spot.

"Why, Bessie Brown, how could you do such a thing?" exclaimed Annie. "Let me tell you. Just put it in the basket, underneath all the other things, and your mother will never know you did it."

"I shall not," cried Bessie. "I am going to tell her this minute," and she rushed upstairs to find her. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, all out of breath, "see what I have done! I am so sorry; I didn't mean to."

"But I didn't tell you to iron that," said mamma. "Where did you get it?"

"Out of the basket, mamma," said Bessie, half between her sobs. "I wanted to show Annie how well I could iron, and the first thing I knew it was burned. Won't it come out?"

"No, dear," replied mamma, "nothing will take it out. Mamma is very sorry, not because the pillow slip is burned, that is a small matter. But did

you know that I did not want you to touch the things in the basket?"

"Yes," said Bessie, hanging her head.

Mamma said no more, but she took Bessie by the arm and led her to her little rocking chair which was just in front of a picture of Jesus helping Joseph in the carpenter shop. She told her to look at it for five whole minutes.

Can you guess what Bessie had thought of at the end of those five minutes?

JANUARY—FOURTH SUNDAY.

Subject—Jesus and the Doctors.

Text—Luke 11:43-52.

Aim—Obedience is a Christ-like attribute.

As the distance between Nazareth and Jerusalem was great, quite extensive preparations would have to be made and many provisions gathered together before the journey commenced. Many of the people made temporary dwelling places when they reached Jerusalem and there they lived until the feast was over. In the excitement of packing up to return home, Jesus left His parents. Imagine the anxiety of the mother when, after three days searching, she was not able to find her Son, who, she had been told, would be the Savior of the world and especially when she knew there were men eagerly awaiting a chance to recognize and destroy Him. Finally Mary and Joseph returned to the temple where they found Jesus among wise men and doctors. Chided by His mother for having caused them so much sorrow, tenderly yet firmly, He replied that he would always love to remain in His Father's house and do His bidding. Here it seems was His first consciousness that He was the Son of God. He was now striving to obey His Heavenly Father, yet at the same time He listened to and obeyed His mother.

Application—When we are called,

we can run quickly, not wait a minute.

Illustration—"The Birthday Cake."

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE.

It was Homer's birthday, and he was six years old. His papa had told him that morning that he was almost a man. How proud and happy he felt, as he pushed the baby carriage—first a short distance forward, and then back. His little baby sister was in the carriage trying to go to sleep and he was helping her all he could. Mamma had told Homer that after she had finished the luncheon dishes she would make him a birthday cake with pretty candies spread all over the top, and that he could cut and serve it himself at the evening meal.

When the baby was sound asleep, Homer tiptoed out into the kitchen to see if his birthday cake was made. Mamma wasn't quite ready to begin it yet, but she told him if he would put on his mittens and rubbers and keep out of the deep snow, he could go down to Johnson's store and buy the pretty colored candies. Johnson's store was two and one half blocks away. To get there, one must turn two corners and cross a street car track, but Homer's eyes were bright and his ears were good, so he could easily do it.

"Homer," said his mother, as he went out of the door, "Hurry, won't you, because mamma needs the candy soon. Let me see, can you be back by the time the street car goes down town twice?"

"I should say I can be back by then," he answered.

Upon arriving at the store, a lady showed him red, orange, yellow, green and white pieces of candy, all about as large as a bean.

"They must be the kind mamma wants," he told her, so she gave him a paper sack nearly full for ten cents.

Just as he came to the house where Joe Blackman lived, Joe came running around from the back to ask him to

come and see what a fine snow man that he and some other boys had made.

"Oh," said Homer, "I'm afraid I haven't time."

"Yes, you have; it will only take a minute."

"But mamma wants me home by the time the street car goes down twice, and it has already gone down once."

"Well, don't you want to see the snow man?" asked Joe.

"Yes, I do—have I got time?" asked Homer.

"Sure you have, come on, we'll hurry." So around the house they went.

It was one of the largest snow men Homer had ever seen. It had a black hat on its head, a long stick under its arm, and buttons of coal all the way down the front.

"Who'll be on my side?" said one boy.

"And who'll be on my side?" said another.

"I will, I will," came from every boy but Homer.

They were going to see which crowd of boys could roll the largest snow ball to make a snow lady.

"Wouldn't that be fun," thought Homer, "I wish I could stay."

Then he remembered that his mother wanted him to hurry.

"I believe I shall stay and help anyway, the other car hasn't gone down yet, and I could run all the rest of the way home and easily get there. All the other mothers have let their boys come here and have a good time. Mamma won't care if I wade in the snow just a little."

Once more he thought of mother and what she would say, and then he remembered the birthday cake. "No, sir," he said to himself, "I'll not stay. I'm a man now. I'm going to have a true birthday cake," and away he ran.

Just as he reached the gate, the second car went down town. He had gotten home in time. As he laid the candy on the kitchen table, he said, "Mamma, whose rubbers are those over there on the mat?"

"Well, well," laughed mamma, "go in the parlor and see."

You never could guess what was in the parlor. It was a party. His four cousins, Alice, Mary, Jack, and Tom were there, and Ben, the little boy who lived next door, and they said that two more children were coming.

Such a pleasant time they had playing games, and best of all, every one had a large piece of Homer's birthday cake. He didn't tell them how near they came to not having that cake, and how near he came to not coming home to that party. It might have spoiled their fun.—*M. A. B.*

JANUARY—FIFTH SUNDAY.

Subject—Picture Day.

Aim—Obedience always brings blessings.

The pictures for this month can easily be obtained from the large Family Bible, Bible Story Books, The Royal Scroll, or separate mounted pictures.

One common one of the first lesson,

is Joseph walking and Mary and the babe riding on a donkey. For Jesus' childhood, one of the carpenter would be suggestive, and Hofmann's picture of Jesus and the Doctors is found in nearly every school.

What a beautiful little testimony the children will have for this month, that of obedience.

MEMORY GEM.

If you are told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves,
Do it fully, freely.

Never make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

Illustration—A Family of Mice.

Nature Talk—Night, the stars and the moon. The night time is the time that all have implicit trust in God.

Song—God is Love, by Jos. Ballantyne.

GOD IS LOVE.

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

1. God our Father made the night, Made the moon and stars so bright;
2. God our Father made the skies, Bees and birds and but- ter - flies;

All the clouds far, far a-way, The shin - ing sun and gold - en day.
Ti - ny flow'rs and trees that wave—These lovely gifts our Fath - er gave.

FEBRUARY—FIRST SUNDAY.

Fast Day Exercises.

Zacharias in the Temple.

Text—Luke 1:5-20.

Aim—Implicit faith in the power of God is necessary to obtain His blessings.

SUGGESTIONS.

The priests who worked in the temple were divided into orders or courses. One course took the temple service for a week and then another course took the service for a week, and so on. These courses consisted of several men who had specific duties to perform. Their special service was decided by lot. It was the custom to have three priests participate in the offering of incense. One's duty was to remove the ashes left there of the former services; another's was to bring in the pan of hot coals and place it on the altar; a third one's duty was to sprinkle the incense on the hot coals and while smoke ascended, offer prayer to God. The latter fell by lot to Zacharias. This incense, we can explain, was a powder which smelled sweet when it was burning.

It is believed that the people outside were praying for the same blessing that Zacharias desired. Both he and Elizabeth were righteous. They served the Lord truly and nobly, and certainly they had faith or they would not have been so earnest in their belief; they would not have continued their praying. But God wished to show Zacharias that implicit faith was needed, so he told him he should be struck dumb. Zacharias needed a sign, but the virgin Mary believed without a sign. What a beautiful contrast there is here—one doubting just a little with the question, "Wherefore shall I know this?" the other firm as she answered, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

Application—We can obtain faith by constant prayer.

Illustration—"He gave Himself."

"HE GAVE HIMSELF."

In a corner of France, some few years ago, lived a very poor but hard-working woman, who had lost her husband in battle, and who was left with five children to maintain by her own unaided efforts.

"Alas!" condoled her neighbors, "we pity you; but so many of us are in similar positions that we cannot afford to help you."

"My help cometh from God," replied the widow. "I know He cannot fail me; and you remember His promise?"

"No," was the reply, "we have forgotten. But it is well to be as you, to have such trust. Take care you are not disappointed."

The widow turned away—she saw they did not understand. "They don't know, Lord," she said, under her breath—"They have not tried Thee. Wilt Thou reveal Thyself to them, gracious God?"

The widow's eldest son Jean, was now growing up, and when an illness rendered his mother incapable of working he took the burden of the family upon himself and became the breadwinner. The neighbors looked on in amazement.

"I thought," said one, "that when the Widow Berthelot was laid aside we should see a crumbling of her trust. But no; yesterday when I went to see her, she reminded me of a promise from her Heavenly Father, as she said. But I laughed at her."

"What was the wonderful promise?" asked another.

"Leave they fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow's trust in me." I think those were the words."

"They are good words indeed," said the other. "We shall see if they are true."

Meanwhile, the widow and her children were very happy. Jean was like

a little father in the home—all there loved him, and all knew how ill he could be spared by any one of them; for his generous loving heart and willing hands made each think—"Surely life in our humble home would be a hard thing if our beloved Jean were withdrawn from it!" And his mother, so proud of him, watched him lovingly.

Then a terrible thought burst upon all in that little home. Jean was getting to an age when he would be called upon to serve his king and country as a soldier; and then, alas! The widow lay awake at night, brooding over the terrible possibility of her beloved son, the family mainstay, being drawn for the conscription!

"My Father," she would cry, "Thou knowest all—our poverty if he were gone, our helplessness! Thou has given us, through him, the comforts of food, home, clothes—Lord, let not this thing be, that he draw the fearful fatal number! Spare him to us!"

A perfect faith would ask that only God's will be done—but God teaches us often that perfect faith through suffering. "Three years separation!" was the widow's one thought. "Ah, but he may not draw a soldier's number! God grant it!"

At last the dreaded day for the drawing of the lottery came, and the Widow Berthelot felt her heart was breaking. She prostrated herself before God in agonized prayer, and besought Him as a "Father of the fatherless," and "a Judge of the widows," to withhold this cup of bitter agony, and to let her boy remain at home. The neighbors heard her pleading. They said among themselves: "Ah, now we shall see! 'Tis hard to be the Widow Berthelot."

Evening came and Jean returned. He sat in a corner of his humble little home, and the neighbors flocked to hear the news.

"Mother," cried the poor boy, "Be brave, dear heart. In three years I

shall be with you again—but, I have drawn a soldier's number."

The poor mother threw up her hands and fell prone to the earth. The children ran hither and thither screaming, thinking she was dead, or that something terrible had happened.

Jean raised his mother's head, and bathed her temples and hands. "Mother, mother," he cried, kissing her, "It is I, your son Jean; I am still here, mother, but look at me, and all will be well." But the pale, worn features showed no signs of life.

The neighbors crowded around the door and into the room—and over the hum of their voices one heard the crying of the children.

"It is as we thought," said one woman—"God does not hear and He does not care. I'm glad I never asked Him for anything."

"You might be a better woman if you had," ventured an old man.

Presently a strange youth pressed through the little crowd, and saw the fainting woman. His curiosity was aroused.

"Why is this?" he asked. "I am from a strange town and have not heard the news. I had a mother once, but she died, and looked as this poor mother looks. But she has a noble son."

They told him the sad story.

"She did not think God would let him draw a soldier's number," said one, "but he has and she is like that."

Pity stirred the heart of the strange youth. He was alone in the world, but this other lad had a mother, and it was killing her to lose him. Unhappy thought! she would be left alone in her weakness. He would go, and spare her. He marveled at these thoughts in his breast—he had never felt them before, and they seemed to be outside of himself. He grew ashamed of the weakness he felt, and left the place very quietly. But he could not proceed; he had to turn back, and half ashamed, with a foolish air, he slipped back silently into the little room.

"Look here," said he, trembling and pale with agitation, and gazing at the drawn, agonized face of the slowly recovering mother, "tell her that her son need not go. He is still hers to support her in her weakness. Tell her I will be a substitute. I will go for her son." Tears stood in his eyes as he spoke, and when he had finished he moved nervously away.

They made the poor mother hear at last, and then she sprang to her feet and clasped her hands, saying:

"My Father, Thou hast redeemed Thy promise! 'While they are yet speaking, I will hear' Thou saidst, and it is so. I thank Thee, Father, for this great mercy."

The neighbors began to move away slowly.

"After all, there seems to be something in it," said one. "Widow Berthelot is not to be pitied—she knows a God who hears."

Wonder, confusion, amazement, joy filled many hearts in the little village—this, they said, was a miracle.

"A stranger; and you will go for my son, whom you never knew!" cried the widow, taking the hand of her earthly savior.

"Yes, I will go," said he; "it is God, whom I have slighted, who is sending me—He has answered your prayers in me."

And so all was well. Again there was peace in the peasant home, and Jean remained at its head, beloved and loving—ransomed for those he loved, by a stranger!

And his substitute went to serve in his stead, and possibly gave his life in fighting for his country, for those whom he delivered never heard of the brave youth again.

It was a beautiful story—one would not wish to belittle it by comparing it with any other story; but there is a grander, greater more beautiful sacrifice even than this. Will you think of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who, as St. Paul reminds us in Gal. 2:20, loved me and gave Himself for me?"

He, the Son of God, the Eternal King, came to earth to ransom such rebellious, disobedient strangers as you and me!" Was ever love like unto His love?—*M. B. Gerds, London Christian.*

(Be sure to simplify and adapt this story as suggested in the December number.)

FEBRUARY—SECOND SUNDAY.

Subject—Birth of John the Baptist.
Text—Luke 1:21-25; 57-80.

Aim—Faith in the power of God is necessary to obtain His blessings.

SUGGESTIONS.

When Zacharias came out of the temple he was speechless, that is, according to one commentator, both deaf and dumb. The people were afraid some vengeance had come upon him, possibly for past sins committed, because he remained so long in the Temple. But they soon discovered by his motions that he had seen a vision.

All that the angel told Zacharias came true. The baby boy arrived in due time to show them that all things are possible with God. It was the custom to name the child when it was eight days old, even though the eighth day came on the Sabbath day. Zacharias and Elizabeth now were overjoyed at this great manifestation of God's power. When the neighbors said "Call him Zacharias," Elizabeth said "He shall be called John," and Zacharias, no more doubting the words of the angel regarding this child's great mission of preparation for the Lord, wrote saying "His name is John." John or Johanan signifies "gracious gift" and was he not a gracious gift, not only to that family, but to all the world?

Application—We can obtain faith by doing our duties constantly: attending Sunday School every Sunday.

Illustration—The Little Papa.

THE LITTLE PAPA.

Every morning when the miners were at the entrance to the coal mine to answer to the roll call, the last one to come was a tall, jolly man with a little girl about seven or eight years. They were Michel Perron and his daughter.

When it was time for the men to come up out of the pit, the little girl was always there to meet her father. And when Michel came in sight, she would run and jump into his arms, crying joyfully, "Papa!"

One day one of the miners held her close to the edge of the pit, when, seeing how black and dark it was, she sprang back in terror.

"Papa goes down there," she thought. "Suppose he should not come back?"

That day when Michel had taken her in his arms for the farewell caress, she said tremblingly in a half whisper:

"You will come back, will you not?"
"As always, little one."

"Could anyone—could you—die down there?"

"Don't be afraid," said Michel, smiling. "I will not die down there, if you will pray the Lord to protect me."

One day the rumor spread suddenly that an explosion of fire damp had just occurred. In less time than it takes to tell it the entrance to the pit was thronged. Excited crowds rushed from every direction.

The daughter of Michel ran about, her hair streaming in the wind, in the midst of the debris which had been brought from the mine, crying: "Papa! papa! papa!"

Her father was not among the dead. Confidence returned to her. She grew calm and sought him among the living. Nobody had seen her father.

Of the sixty miners who had gone down in the morning forty-five had ascended and fourteen were dead. One was missing. It was Michel. Suddenly she remembered that her

father had said to her, "I will not die down there if you have faith and pray for me."

They gave her little attention. In forty hours they had exhausted every means. Without doubt there was something strange in this disappearance. Living or dead, they ought to have found Michel, and they had not found him.

For forty-eight hours "Little Papa," as the miners called her, had waited feverishly, but without growing weary. At every human form that appeared at the entrance she started up, and, not recognizing the one that she awaited, she sat down with a profound sigh.

The third day the child was still at the entrance of the pit.

"We must put an end to this," said the chief engineer, and approaching her he said, "be reasonable, little one."

"Papa! Seek papa!"

"Alas! He is dead."

"No!"

She uttered this "No" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why not?" he said.

"He told me he would not die down there."

"Poor little thing!" murmured the engineer, and he made a sign that she should be taken away.

They took her away and sent her under care to school. An hour later she was back at the pit, and clinging to the engineer she repeated:

"I want to go down. I will find him."

The engineer was a kind hearted fellow. He had pity on her, and taking her in his arms stepped on the platform and gave the signal for descent.

When they were down, she disengaged herself and ran away crying: "Papa! Papa!"

For two hours she traversed the galleries, questioning the men whom she knew, striking with her little fists the black wall, pressing her ear close to it, peeping into the least cleft and thrust-

ing her hands in, calling: "Papa! Papa!"

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the school-house and kept there; orders also that if she appeared at the pit she would not be allowed to descend into the mine. The next day, without thinking at all of her, he was inspecting the working of the mine, when he felt himself suddenly seized by the coat. It was "Little papa." She had for the second time escaped from the school-house.

The "Little papa" sought always. Suddenly they saw her run, pale, trembling, choked. She cried: "There! There! Papa!"

"Where? Where?" said a miner.
"His blouse!"

She retraced her steps, followed by everybody, hesitated, stopped, turned again.

She could not find the place again. All the blocks of coal looked alike, all the hollows were the same, all the galleries similar, and yet she was sure she had seen it—that bit of blue cloth.

One by one, weary of this useless search, persuaded that the poor little girl was distracted by her grief, the men turned away and went back to their work. But hardly had they had time to take up the pick or the mattock than a despairing cry recalled them.

The poor little girl, panting, her eyes fixed, her lips apart, her hand in a hollow in the wall, cried:

"I hold it! I hold it!"

They moved her aside; they looked. Yes! It was a bit of cloth—of blue cloth. It was a blouse. In a twinkling the wall was thrown down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended. It was Michel Perron. He had been there three days and three nights.

He was very low. Weakened by the deprivation of air and nourishment, he recovered his senses, only to faint away again. But a month later he was up, thin, but well and ready to recommence work.

The evening before he was to go down in the mine for the first time a grand banquet was given by the miners to "Little papa." The place of honor was reserved for her.—*London News.*

FEBRUARY—THIRD SUNDAY.

Subject—Humane Day Exercises.

Aim—Kindness to our animal friends should be a pleasure as well as a duty.

SUGGESTIONS.

This lesson is a little social talk with the children. The teacher should prepare suitable material taken from the child's every day life. This little plan might suggest a line of thought.

- I. Help we get from Animals.
 1. From the horse.
 2. From the cow.
 3. From the dog.
- II. How these Animals should be Treated.
 1. Given food.
 - a. How often.
 2. Protection.
 3. Affection.
 - a. Kind acts.

Let the children see their true value, and that God has put all animals on earth for a purpose, whether we are able to see that purpose or not. Each one has a right to live and a right to kind treatment from us. If an animal does more harm than good, some grown person can take care of it rightly, but it is no ones business to treat an animal cruelly. People's lives have been saved by them. Many animals set us an example by being kinder to their companions than we are to our fellow men.

Application—How can we be kind to animals?

Illustration—How Johnnie was Punished.

HOW JOHNNIE WAS PUNISHED.

A cry, or yelp of pain, brought Johnnie's mother quickly to the window.

"Oh, it's only a cur dog," said her little son, in the act of casting another stone: "how he did 'ki-yi,' to be sure."

Tears stood in the eyes of Johnnie's mother, tears of sympathy for the little animal, which went limping off on three legs, and tears of sorrow that it was her own little boy that rejoiced, in giving suffering to an inoffensive, helpless animal.

Johnnie noted the tears in his mother's eyes, and hung his curly head in shame.

"Come in, my son," said his mother, gravely, "and I will tell you a story."

"Whoop!" cried Johnnie, who dearly loved a story, yet wondering not a little why his mother should reward, instead of punishing him, for a deed he knew to have been mean and cruel.

"The story I am going to tell you," said she, when they had seated themselves, "is about a little girl in whose heart the seeds of kindness and pity, as well as love for all mankind, took root and early grew. She was not the sort of little girl to look on any suffering creature, especially a dumb animal, and merely say, 'Poor little thing, how dreadful' and pass on. Oh, no! Her first thought was how to help, how to ease the pain of the suffering one."

"Well this child, who in time became famous, noticed one day that a shepherd, whose flock of sheep she was fond of watching, was not accompanied, as usual, by his dog.

"Where is your beautiful sheep dog, Mr. Shepherd?" asked she.

"He will never be of any more use to me, Miss," said the man, sadly. Yesterday a wicked boy threw a stone at the faithful animal and broke one of his legs. I will have to kill him tonight to put him out of his pain."

"Where is he?" inquired the little girl, her heart full of compassion at once.

"In my hut over there," said the man; "he is unable to move."

"At first Hector, for that was the dog's name, would not let the little girl touch him. But his whines of pain and the look of misery in his brown eyes led her to persevere.

"Dear doggie," said she, tears of pity in her voice, as well as in her eyes, "I want to help you," all the while, her little hand gently stroking his head and silky ears.

"The intelligent dog finally understood, and when she stooped and felt of the poor swollen leg, he made no effort to resist her.

"The little girl found there were no bones broken, though the leg was badly hurt and very much swollen. So she lighted a fire and put on the kettle. When the water was hot, she took her flannel skirt, tore it into strips, and after bathing the leg well, dipped the bandages in the hot water, also, and bound up the wounded limb.

"Oh how relieved the dog felt! He licked her hand and wagged his tail, the only way the poor dumb creature, Johnnie, could express his gratitude."

Johnnie nodded his head. He understood now why his mother chose to tell him a story instead of punishing him. He resolved at once to find the dog he had injured and in the same way relieve its pain.

"Well," continued his mother, "the shepherd came home before the little girl had left the hut. She told him the leg was not broken and what she had done to relieve the dog. How glad the shepherd was. He would not have to kill the faithful animal, after all, in order to put it out of its misery. It was the best sheep dog he had ever owned, he told the little girl, and thanked her again and again for her help and kindness.

"The next morning she went to the hut again. The dog crept to her at once. He held up the wounded paw

and she dressed it again in the same way she had done before. This time, however, she had brought some liniment and bathed it with that too.

"In a few days he was well enough to limp out to the field with his master and help him in caring for the sheep. The blessed little girl never visited the shepherd and his flock afterward; but his dog ran to greet her, wagging his tail and in other dog language expressing his gratitude and joy."

Johnnie looked at his mother thoughtfully.

"Blessed," he repeated, "why do you say blessed?" Did you know the little girl, mamma?"

"All the world knew of her, Johnnie, for in time that little girl became famous, as she relieved that poor animal's pain and saved him from death, so did she, when grown to womanhood, nurse and save thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, instituting hospitals, and ministering to them even on the field of battle.

"Blessed indeed was her life and work, Johnnie, for she lived to relieve suffering and pain, never to inflict it."

Johnnie's face flushed. Mamma's lesson was already bearing fruit.

"You say 'was,' not 'is,' so I know the kind little girl and famous woman no longer lives. What was her name, mamma?"

"No, she died only a few years ago, quite an old lady, and her name, Johnnie, was Florence Nightingale."—*Elcnora Kinsley Marble.*

FEBRUARY—FOURTH SUNDAY.

Subject—The Baptism of Jesus.

Text—Matt. 3. Luke 3:1-22.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 31.

Time—When Christ was about thirty years old.

Place—In the Wilderness of Judea, near where the Jordan fell into the Dead Sea.

Aim—Baptism by immersion is essential to Salvation.

SUGGESTIONS.

Jesus was baptized by John,—that same John who was sent to Zacharias and Elizabeth in answer to their prayer. He had grown strong and large, and had gone into the wilderness to live. We are told that he ate locusts and wild honey. Some commentators say that the locust was a sweet tasting blossom; others say it was an insect of the species of our grass-hopper. The honey was found in the trunks of old trees where the wild bees had made their homes.

This time was a time of uncertainty, of doubt; wickedness prevailed throughout the land. The people needed just such a man as John to call them to repentance and to tell them of a Greater One who should teach them how to live.

When he came from the wilderness his face was brown, his hair long, and his dress was a mantle of camel's hair and a leathern girdle. The people flocked from miles around to hear him and when he rebuked them for their sins, many were baptized. Hastings says "As crowds gathered around him and confessed their sins, he made them plunge in or let water close over their heads, and thus lay their sinful lives behind."

Although Jesus had no sins, he came to be baptized to show the whole world that this is God's wish. After he was baptized the Holy Ghost descended and a voice from Heaven said "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Application—The time for our children's baptism is eight years of age. Many of the children are nearly six years of age and can easily be taught the proper mode of baptism and why they are baptized.

Illustration—"A Birthday Gift."

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Bennie and his sister lived with their aunt, because their mother was

dead, and their father could not be with them all the time.

Aunt Helen was a kind woman, who took good care of Bennie and Alice. Every Sunday morning she dressed them nicely and sent them to Sunday School. They also went to Primary and Religion Class, and were learning to be nice, good children.

Sometimes their father came to see them, and they would climb up on his lap, and put their heads on his shoulder, while he asked them how they were getting along and what they did every day.

Now their father was not a member of our Church, and one day Bennie told him that he and his sister went to Sunday School and Primary. "May we go again?" asked Bennie.

"Yes," said the father, "if your auntie wishes you to." That made the children happy, for they loved to go to meeting.

Just before Bennie's birthday the father came to see the children, and when Bennie was curled up on his lap, he said:

"Bennie, what do you want me to bring you for your birthday?"

"Oh! there is something I want very much."

"Well, what is it?" said papa.

"Will you sure bring it?" asked the little boy.

"How can I tell unless I know what it is?" Bennie's papa said, wondering what his little boy wanted.

"Oh! You must promise first to bring what I want."

Then Mr. Jones tried and tried to guess. Was it a drum or a sled, a pair of skates or any of the things that most little boys wanted for their birthday?

Bennie said he would like these toys; but there was something he wanted more than all.

"All right," said papa, "what is it?" Then Bennie whispered, "I am eight years old on my birthday, and I want to be baptized. I would rather have that than anything else. May I papa? The Sunday School teacher told us that the Heavenly Father wants all the little boys and girls to be baptized, and when Jesus was here, he was baptized."

The Father's heart was too full to answer at first, but when he could he said, "Yes, my son."—Selected.

Take time to speak a loving word
Where loving words are seldom heard;
And it will linger in the mind,
And gather others of its kind,
Till loving words will echo where
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare;
And sometime on the heavenward track
Their music will come echoing back.



MEMBERS OF THE ENSIGN STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD.

Top Row, Reading from Left to Right: W. N. B. Shepherd, Abby D. Boyle, Arthur Price, Heber K. Abdon, Richard R. Lyman, Wm. S. Higham, John Z. Brown, S. W. Anderson. Middle Row: Mae C. Alder, Mercy R. Baker, Orson D. Romney, Wm. T. Atkin, Myron E. Crandall, Jr., Feramorz Y. Fox, Julia Howe. Bottom Row: Edna Edwards, Ethel Simons, Vilate Romney, Phoebe Foster.

Sunday School Work in the Ensign Stake.

Myron E. Crandall, Jr.

The aim of all our religious organizations is to implant in the breasts of God's children, a knowledge that Jesus is the Christ and a testimony of His Gospel, faith in His teachings, and a determination to live in accordance with them, that they may gain eternal life.

In the Sunday School the child learns the story of the baby Jesus, born in the stable and cradled in the manger, the visit of the wise men, the flight into Egypt and the return to Nazareth. They go with Him to the temple, and later to Jordan and see Him baptized by John, and hear the voice of God saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." They learn of His temptations, of His complete mastery over self, His call of the humble fishermen. They listen to

His sermon on the Mount and hear Him say, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things shall be added unto you." They hear Him tell the disciples, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." They witness the healing of the sick, the lame, the halt and the blind, and behold Lazarus come forth from the tomb, and finally see Him despised and rejected of men and crucified on Calvary's cross.

Our stake board consists of twenty-six members: Superintendent, Wm. T. Atkin; First Assistant, Orson D. Romney; Second Assistant, Myron E. Crandall, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, William S. Higham; Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Vilate E. Romney; Chorister, W. N. B. Shep-



MEMBERS OF PRIMARY CLASS, TWELFTH-THIRTEENTH WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL.



KINDERGARTEN CLASS AT WORK. TWELFTH-THIRTEENTH WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL

herd, Assistant Chorister, Heber K. Aldous; Organist, Edna Edwards; Special features, Entertainments, excursions, etc., Scott W. Anderson.

Supervisors of Departments are as follows:

Parents—Richard R. Lyman, John Z. Brown.

Theological Fourth Year—F. Y. Fox, David P. Howells.

Theological Second Year—Arthur Price, Geo. F. Harding.

Second Intermediate Fourth Year—E. G. Woolley, Jr., Wm. E. Rydalch.

Second Intermediate Second Year—Ashby D. Boyle, Mary Young.

First Intermediate Fourth Year—Earl M. Crandall, Mac C. Alder.

First Intermediate Second Year—Albert Toronto, Mercy R. Baker.

Primary—Phoebe Foster.

Kindergarten—Julia A. Howe, Ethel Simons.

By having two for each department it not only prevents any probability

of not having a supervisor for the work in Union meeting, but gives an opportunity for consultation upon any matters affecting the work in the stakes.

The division of responsibility among the superintendency both of the stake and local schools, is as follows:

Superintendent—Attendance, officers and teachers at all sessions of board, Union, and school, and pupils at School, missionary work, interchange of visits, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR subscriptions.

First Assistant—Duties of officers, order and exercises, special features, marching, thought development, singing practice, excursions, entertainments, etc.

Second Assistant—Class work, lesson outline, conducting of department, Fast Day exercises, new members, promotions, enlistment.

There are six schools in our stake with an enrollment of about twenty-five hundred; officers and teachers, in-



PRIMARY CLASS AT WORK. TWELFTH-THIRTEENTH WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

cluding stake board, numbers about two hundred and fifteen.

We hold weekly Union meetings each Wednesday night in the month, with the exception of the fourth Wednesday. On this night the stake and local boards hold their monthly meeting. The attendance at Union is from 65 to 85 per cent, and has never gone below 50 per cent. The advantage of a weekly Union meeting is readily recognized. They are in session one hour and a half, one hour of which is devoted to departmental work. Instead of taking up the work for three Sundays, the entire time is devoted to the work for one. By consultation thus often, the teachers get the benefit of the work of preparation of each other, and instruction from the supervisors.

Each teacher is expected to have worked out the lesson according to the following outline:

1. Subject. What lesson?
2. Aim.
3. Text, reference and other helps.

4. Lesson development. How?
5. Application. Effect in daily life.
6. Assignment. Whet the mind to study the coming lesson.

In secretaries' department each secretary brings his records, compiles his statistics and keeps his work up to date. This gives them an opportunity of joining a class in school and getting the benefit of theological training.

The organist and chorister practice the songs together, and discuss marching and thought development.

The superintendents discuss matters pertaining to the welfare of the schools.

First Wednesday—General business of the stake.

Second Wednesday—Special announcements and visits to departments.

Third Wednesday—Discussion of vital topics relative to actual work. Among topics recently treated are: "How to handle unruly boys," "Order

during music period," "Is there such a thing as expulsion from Sunday School?" "General improvement of officers and teachers in local schools," "Condition of schools," "Social features," etc.

Members of the stake board visit two schools each Sunday morning, part going to one and part to another, with the exception of one Sunday, on which is held a stake board meeting. The purpose of frequent visits is to see the application of Union meeting preparation. The stake board occasionally visits schools of other stakes.

Dog and Boys Made Happy.

Eleven boys, the oldest thirteen and the youngest six, walked Indian file into the East 104th street police station and ranged themselves in front of the desk.

"Please, Mister," said the spokesman of the delegation, "we've come after Nellie."

"Nellie?" repeated Lieutenant Masterson. "Who is Nellie?"

"Nellie's our dog," answered the spokesman, "and you've got her locked up here and her five puppies are home crying for her."

At the mention of Nellie and the five puppies several of the visitors wiped tears from their eyes and the smallest member of the delegation wept aloud.

"You mean the dog that Policeman Wiegold brought here from Abraham Sherman's flat?" the lieutenant asked.

A chorus of wails was the answer.

"But, boys, I can't let you have that dog. She bit little Sydney Alter on the leg and we've got to keep her here till the department of health sends an inspector to see whether she has rabies."

"She hasn't any rabies," sobbed the spokesman. "She's got babies. And they're all crying for her."

"If you can get the father of the boy who owns Nellie to come here and say it's all right, maybe I'll let you

All our schools hold prayer meeting at 9:30 Sunday a. m. At five minutes of ten the doors are closed for a minute as a signal that the music will begin, and that the children enter the school quietly. The regular school session begins at ten and closes at twelve, one hour being devoted to class work.

Our Union meetings are held in the Twentieth ward meeting house, at the corner of Second Avenue and D Street, Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

We invite Sunday School workers to visit us.

Made Happy.

have Nellie," said the lieutenant, and the boys went away, the sound of their crying growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

In an hour they all came back, transformed. None of them was crying, and the fat little boy of six, who entered last, was eating candy and laughing. Two of his companions carried a basket. They set it down upon the floor and lifted the cover. Within were five puppies.

"We thought if we couldn't take Nellie to the puppies, maybe we could bring the puppies to her. They're awful lonesome," said one of the basket carriers.

Lieutenant Masterson stepped around from behind the desk and picked up the basket. He disappeared in the direction of the cells where Nellie was. The boys heard exclamations of delight from Nellie and murmurs of happiness from the puppies. In a few minutes the lieutenant reappeared. He had with him not only the puppies but Nellie.

"Take her and go home, said he. "You're all right."

"So are you," said the spokesman of the delegation, as he reached up a stick of his candy in appreciation of the lieutenant's kind act.

Uncle John's Test.

By Annie Malin.

Richard Kent stepped on a passing car and sank wearily into a seat. He had walked until he was too utterly exhausted to walk any further. He had been out of employment for over two weeks and had been from one end of the city to the other in search of a position. He had met with no success, and utterly discouraged he sat thinking over his troubles. He was glad of the chance to sit down even for a few minutes, but when he thought of the small amount of money in his pocket he felt guilty of an extravagance in taking a car at all, tired though he was. He dreaded to go home to his mother and sister, for each day had brought them all disappointment, and though they tried to be cheerful he knew that it was for his sake they laughed at failure, talked of the time when he would have found work, as if they felt no doubt as to his ability to do so. Two gentlemen were sitting in the seat in front of him, engaged in earnest conversation. He caught a word here and there and when he almost unconsciously found himself listening he became aware of the fact that they were discussing the merits and demerits of employes. One of the gentlemen he knew by sight; he was Mr. Bland, a well-known business man of the city, and he caught the name of the other as he listened. He was the senior partner of the firm of Belden & Heath. "I am positively discouraged," this gentleman was saying. "I have employed four young men in as many months and each has proved to be entirely unsatisfactory. I did think the last one would meet my requirements; he came with most excellent recommendations, in fact they all did, but no, I had to discharge him at the end of the second week. I don't know what the young fellows are thinking of now-a-days," he went on, "they are up-to-date on sporting news and theatre gossip, but

try to bring them down to business responsibility and you find them a failure. If you can recommend one to me, Bland, who is worth a trial, I would appreciate it, but mind he mustn't come to the office half-asleep from keeping late hours. If I had a son," Mr. Belden went on irately, "and he couldn't talk of anything better than dancers and fast horses I'd send him to shovel coal in the mines or do some other heavy work which would develop sense as well as muscle." Mr. Bland listened patiently until his friend had finished and then he said, with a smile, "Pshaw, Belden, don't be too hard on the young fellows. There are plenty of them willing to work and worthy of confidence, too. I believe I could name a dozen of them." "Name one, Bland, retorted the other I have faith enough to take him without other recommendation if you say he is all right." "I'll consider the matter," answered his friend. "I don't feel like moving in a hap-hazard manner with such a pepper-pot as you." Mr. Belden laughed. "I'll expect to see a perfect specimen soon, then," he said, good-humoredly. They reached the corner of Thirteenth street and Mr. Bland left the car and proceeded up the street. Richard also alighted and for a few moments walked behind that gentleman. He was acting on an impulse and he soon quickened his pace and raising his cap, he said. "May I speak to you, Mr. Bland?" That gentleman looked surprised, but answered politely, "Certainly, sir." "I beg your pardon," Richard said slowly, "but I was on the car and accidentally overheard a portion of your conversation with Mr. Belden. Your friend wants an assistant and I want employment." Mr. Bland regarded the speaker intently, his keen eyes noted the neat though shabby suit, the thread-bare overcoat and the well-worn shoes.

They saw, too, the steady, honest light in the gray eyes, the well-shaped nose and the resolute chin; the white teeth, and well-kept hands. "A good face," he commented inwardly, "a strong one, too, or I am no judge." Aloud he said, "Why didn't you apply to Mr. Belden himself?" "Because," answered Richard, "I want you to recommend me to your friend." "But, sir," said Mr. Bland, "why should I recommend you; you are a stranger to me. I don't even know your name." Richard straightened himself up; he knew the next words would decide his fate. Steadily he said, "My name is Richard Kent," his gray eyes still fixed on the other's face. Mr. Bland started, he regarded the young fellow intently. The face was outwardly calm, but the boy's hands were clenched tightly. "You are the son of Richard Kent, then?" he asked at last. The other answered simply, "Yes, sir." "And you expect me to recommend you to a position of trust—one that I hesitated to offer even to those I know best?" he asked, bluntly. Richard nodded. "How can you expect it; why should I?" asked Mr. Bland. "Because you are a just man and a kind-hearted one," answered the youth. "I have heard my father say so many times."

Many thoughts passed through Mr. Bland's mind in the few seconds which passed before he spoke again. He seemed to see again the crowded court room, and hear the voice of the judge as he passed sentence upon the man who sat with bowed head and unseeing eyes, and the sentence was, five years' imprisonment. Then Richard Kent, Sr., had been led from the room. He remembered that he had heard that the family had turned everything over to the creditors and then they were lost sight of in the busy world to which Mr. Bland belonged. And now Richard Kent's son was asking a favor of him and he glanced again at the grave face. Almost to his own surprise he said, "I'll do it, young man!"

Richard could scarcely believe his

ears. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him and he turned away for a moment. When he could command his voice he said simply, "I won't attempt to thank you, Mr. Bland, but believe me, you will never have cause to regret your kindness." "I hope not, my boy, was the reply: then he asked, "Was it necessary to leave school?" "Yes, sir," was the answer, "I am trying to support my mother and sister." "Well, it is too bad," said Mr. Bland, "yet I don't know," he added thoughtfully. "Well, we will take Belden at his word," he said presently. "It will be a surprise to him, but he is a man of his word and if you are strictly obedient and reliable, and wide awake," he added smiling broadly, "you will be all right. But remember, my boy, I will have given my word for you when you enter his employ." "I'll not forget that, sir," said Richard, gratefully. "Come to dinner next Sunday and report," said Mr. Bland, as they were about to part.

"Thank you, sir, said Richard Kent as he returned the pressure of his new friend's hand, and somehow that friendly clasp and hearty invitation caused the broad shoulders to straighten up and the head to be held more erect as he raised his cap and turned in the direction of his home. By the time he reached his destination, a small house in a narrow court, he was whistling cheerfully. His sister Helen, who was watching for him from the window, said joyfully, "Here he is now, mother, and I am sure he has good news, for he is whistling and looks quite happy." The face of the mother took on a brighter look, and when Richard had greeted each with a kiss he told them his good news. "But, my son," said Mrs. Kent, gravely. "Do not be too sure, for you may be disappointed. Perhaps Mr. Belden will refuse to give you a trial." "But, mother, I heard him say he would take anyone Mr. Bland recommended, and he is a man of his word, Mr. Bland says; so If I once get in there, I am determined

to please him. I feel sure of the position, mother, so don't worry." "I am sure I hope you will be successful," said Mrs. Kent, "but I will not feel certain of it until you are installed there. I have heard your poor father speak of Mr. Belden. He is a very eccentric man, a confirmed bachelor—some romance that ended badly, I believe; a strict business man and a man of sound judgment and good sense. I do hope you may please him." "I will please him," answered her son, "It will be just the start I need." "Both he and Mr. Bland know my history," he added, "and will not discharge me when they hear it said, 'That is Richard Kent's son,' " The young man spoke sadly and not without a tinge of bitterness for the comments of old friends or of strangers still had power to wound. "Never mind, brother," said Helen, soothingly, "you will make your way, never fear, and now let us eat our supper." After the frugal meal was eaten the little family conversed cheerfully on Richard's prospects, and at an early hour they retired for the night. The next morning Richard presented himself at the office of Mr. Belden. He had taken special pains to make as good an appearance as possible, and as Helen watched him depart she thought that he looked very manly. He reached the office at the time appointed by Mr. Bland. That gentleman had informed his friend that he had sent the promised assistant, and had reminded him of his promise to take anyone on his recommendation, before he mentioned his name, although he knew his friend well enough to believe that he would not visit the sins of the father on the innocent son. When the young man entered the office he was told that Mr. Belden would receive him in his private office. He found that gentleman sitting at his desk busily engaged in looking over some papers. He looked up with a keen glance of his piercing eyes, and curtly said, "Good-morning!" Richard returned the greeting

pleasantly, cap in hand, and waited for Mr. Belden to speak. "So you are Richard Kent's son?" he asked, presently. "Yes, sir," returned the young man, steadily. "And you want to work for Belden & Heath," he continued. "Yes, sir," again replied the even voice. "Any experience?" "Not in your line," answered Richard, "but I am willing to learn." "Why did you leave your last position?" went on the questioner. "Because," answered Richard, with a glance, which seemed a little defiant, "because my name is Richard Kent." "I see," said Mr. Belden, gravely. After a pause he asked, "Are you willing to work? I mean are you willing to begin at the bottom and climb up?" "I am willing to do anything honorable to gain a living for my mother and sister," answered Richard briefly. "Very well, here are your instructions for the day," and handing the young man an envelope he resumed his work. Richard went out, and opening the envelope in the outer office he read his instructions over several times, wondering meantime if Mr. Belden was always as abrupt with his employes. "Go down to the wharf and wait for the 'Lombardy' to come in, then report to Mr. Scovill at the warehouse, and obey his instructions to the letter." Richard smiled grimly, wondering which wharf and which warehouse was meant. He went out, and making the necessary inquiries, he proceeded to the wharf. He waited patiently at first, then as hour after hour passed by he grew tired of the monotony. A man approached him and offered him an hour's work. For a moment he was tempted to accept, but upon second thought he decided not to leave his post. Another hour passed and at last to his joy the "Lombardy" came in. Richard immediately proceeded to the warehouse, and inquired for Mr. Scovill. He was informed that Mr. Scovill had gone to lunch. He was hungry, and taking the sandwich from his pocket, which Helen had thoughtfully insisted upon him

taking, he devoured it. He was anxious to be wide awake in his service to Mr. Belden, and wondered if he couldn't do this errand more quickly if he followed Mr. Scovill. He took the instructions from his pocket and read them again. "Report to Mr. Scovill at the warehouse," he repeated. "Well, this is the warehouse, so here I'll stay." He waited for nearly an hour wishing he had something more definite to do. At last Mr. Scovill came in and Richard was surprised to recognize him as the man who had offered him a job while he waited at the wharf. Richard delivered the message and waited for further orders. Mr. Scovill was rather a rough-looking man, with a beard and spectacles. Richard was not very favorably impressed by him. "Put on these overalls and this blouse and I will show you your work," he said gruffly. Richard heard the order with some surprise, but he knew his instructions by heart now, and the words "obey his instructions to the letter," were definite, so he did as he was told, and followed his guide into the basement. "Now, get to work," said Mr. Scovill, "the contents of this room are to be transferred to the next one to make room for the new consignment brought by the 'Lombardy,' and it must be ready by six o'clock." Richard's face was a study, but after asking a few necessary questions as to the disposal of the rubbish, he went to work with a will. As soon as Mr. Scovill saw the work well under way he left Richard to himself. "Well!" exclaimed the young man, "I'm beginning at the bottom with a vengeance," and he tugged away at the heavy boxes and bales. After a time Mr. Scovill returned and watched him work for a few moments. "Hard work, isn't it?" he asked. "Pretty hard," was the reply. "Well, I can put you on to an easier job," went on Mr. Scovill. A dry goods clerk is what you should be. You are too good looking a chap for such rough work. I like the way you go at

it, though." "Thank you," said Richard, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "but I believe I'll stick to this job." After the man had departed Richard worked steadily on until his work was nearly finished. Then as he moved a large box from the last corner something dropped at his feet and he heard the sound of money. Stooping down he picked up a heavy purse. "Well, I declare," he said to himself, "what next?" He put the purse in the pocket of the overalls and resumed his work. He knew by the weight of the purse that it must contain quite a sum, and after a moment's hesitation he counted it. Fifty dollars in gold and two hundred in greenbacks. He put it back in his pocket. There was nothing to indicate the owner as far as he could see. The purse was old and shabby. Again he resumed his work, anxious to get done so as to carry the money to Mr. Belden. At last there was nothing left to be done but to carry the rubbish to the place indicated by Mr. Scovill, and then, finding a broom he swept down the cobwebs and brushed the floor. His back and head ached from the unaccustomed lifting and his hands were blistered. With a sigh of satisfaction he regarded the results of his labor.

Mr. Scovill now put in his appearance. "Am I through on time?" asked Richard. "Yes," was the reply, as the man looked about the room. "Say, you have made a good job of it; it looks clean as a parlor." Richard was naturally pleased with the compliment. "That is all for today," was the response, "you may go home." If he had said go to the office or had simply said go, he would have hastened to Mr. Belden with the money, but if he obeyed him "to the letter," he must either give him the money or take it home with him. He didn't care to do either. He did not exactly like to trust Mr. Scovill, yet he argued, "he must be honest or Mr. Belden would not trust him among so many thousand dollars' worth of goods." So

with an explanation as to his finding it he handed it to him. "Two hundred and fifty dollars!" ejaculated Mr. Scovill, and as he took the purse Richard fancied his hands trembled with excitement. "Someone has dropped it, he said; "I don't believe it belongs to Mr. Belden. See here, Kent," he resumed, "let's divide up." "Mr. Scovill!" exclaimed Richard with a look of horror, "what do you mean?" Just what I say," was the sullen reply, "you found it and I'll take half to keep silent." "What do you take me for?" demanded Richard, indignantly. Mr Scovill hesitated a moment and said distinctly, "I take you for your father's son. For a moment it looked as if the young man would spring at his tormentor, then he said, calmly: "I'll report you to Mr. Belden if you don't return that purse to me, so that I can give it to him myself." "If you report me I'll say that you would have kept it all yourself," retorted Mr. Scovill; and Richard's heart sank. What could he do? It was in this man's power to do him a great injury, but he was determined he would insist upon his doing the right thing. With a look of scorn upon his handsome face, he turned toward the door. "Just a minute, Kent," and Mr. Scovill calmly removed his glasses, and beard. Richard gave a cry of astonishment for he was face to face with Mr. Belden himself. "What does it all mean?" asked Richard. "It means that you have stood Uncle John's test and come out with flying colors," said Mr. Belden, with a smile as he shook the young man's hand warmly. "I feel that I must beg your pardon," he said, "but when I was your age my Uncle John put me through the same test, and I was never sorry for it; so when Bland told me you were determined to work for me I thought I'd try you the same way to see what kind of stuff you were made of. I liked your looks and your manner, but didn't know your principles. You were obedient and stuck to your duty, you refused to work for two masters even when it didn't seem nec-

essary to stand on that wharf for four long hours. You are not ashamed of honest labor nor afraid of blistering your hands, and you have proven yourself thorough in what you undertake. Last but not least you have proven yourself to be honest and strong enough to resist temptation. I am glad to give you a good position—a portion of trust." "Mr. Belden," said Kent, gravely, "do you consider it right to place such a temptation in the way of a young man in my position or in the way of anyone for that matter? What if I had not been strong enough to resist? Suppose I had fallen and broken my mother's heart?" he went on passionately, "would I have been more to blame than you? You are a man of sound judgment, I have been told, but I fail to see it. You certainly were not kind." Mr. Belden's eyes glowed with a tender light. "Now, I know you are not afraid to speak your mind, even if it should be to your own detriment," he said, earnestly, "believe me, my boy, the last item was not in Uncle John's test. That money was lost some months ago. I had no idea the old purse would ever turn up in my own warehouse. Keep it, my boy, and let it be a little start in your bank account. I wish the Lord had given me a son like you. It came to me like a flash to tempt you with the money when you handed it to me, but while I am ashamed in a way I am glad, too. Forgive me." So from the lowest round of the ladder Richard went up with a bound, and before the end of three years of his father's imprisonment, through the efforts of Mr. Belden and his friend Bland, new evidence was found which proved him to be more sinned against than sinning, and he was released.

With the assistance of friends and family he started over again and was successful. Mr. Belden is never tired of repeating the story of Uncle John's test to the children of Richard and his sister Helen, who call him "Grandpa Belden."

Games for Old and Young.

Game of the Five Senses.

All the guests are seated around a large table, and the master or mistress of ceremonies informs them that their five senses are to be tested.

First comes the test of sight or observation. All are blindfolded and a number of articles are thrown haphazard upon the table—gloves, handkerchiefs, penwipers—anything and everything will serve the purpose. The bandages are then lifted for a single moment by the clock, when the order is given to pull them over the eyes again. The table is swept clean of all the things, the bandages are then removed and each guest is provided with pencil and paper and must write a list of the articles noticed during the momentary glimpse permitted. The one whose list is the longest is declared to have the best sight or quickest power of observation.

Next comes the test of smell. The bandages are resumed, and in turn, vinegar, cologne, kerosene, lavender water, bay rum, orris-root, smelling salts, oranges, camphor, paregoric and apples are presented to the noses of the company, who may write down the names without looking on, making the list more legible when the bandages are removed.

In testing the taste, allspice, raw oatmeal, horseradish, chocolate—almost anything may be offered that is not too unpalatable. It is well to have many familiar things and only a puzzling one now and then, since pleasure, and not perplexity, is the chief object of the game.

For the hearing, different notes on the piano may be struck and the music-loving ones will readily name them correctly. The finger dipped in water and passed around the rim of a glass makes familiar music. The ringing of a silver and of a brass bell, the tinkle

of ice in a glass of ordinary water and the dull click it makes in a glass of sparkling mineral water, the sound of metal on metal, of glass on glass, and wood against wood—these and numberless others are easily provided if musical instruments are not within reach.

The sense of feeling may be tested by passing quickly from hand to hand a variety of things that cause a little surprise and so put one off guard. A glove filled with wet sand gives one an uncanny feeling if grasped unexpectedly; a harmless bit of cotton wool following after this is almost as unpleasant, and a bristling brush for cleaning lamp chimneys is a most puzzling object when held but for an instant before being claimed by one's neighbor. Even a raw potato and a handful of gelatine are puzzling objects to name, when deprived of those invaluable auxiliaries, our eyes, for all the tests are made while the company is blindfolded.

My Lady's Toilet.

Each having taken the name of some article of dress, chairs are placed for all the party but one, so as to leave one chair too few. They all sit down but one, who is called the Lady's Maid, and stands in the centre; she then calls out "My Lady's up and wants her shoes," when the one who has taken that name jumps up and calls "Shoes!" sitting down directly. If any one does not rise as soon as called, she must forfeit. Sometimes she says, "My Lady wants her whole toilet," then everyone must jump up and change chairs, and as there is a chair too few, of course it occasions a scramble, and whoever is left standing must be Lady's Maid, and call to the others as before.

The Juvenile Instructor Puzzle Page.

Here are six pictures representing six cities of the United States. To the first ten boys or girls under sixteen years of age who send a correct solution we will award prizes of books—our selection.



Pictures by courtesy Ladies' Home Journal.

READ THESE DIRECTIONS.

When you have guessed the names which you think the pictures represent, write them on a slip like the following:

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE.

January, 1910.

No. 1.....
No. 2.....
No. 3.....
No. 4.....
No. 5.....
No. 6.....

Give full name and address here:

Name

Age.....

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Have you ever studied a coin to see how many symbols it represents? This will be interesting for both young and old. Take a penny (one cent) and by careful observation you will find the answers to the following twenty questions. To each of those sending the first ten correct answers we will mail a small book to suit the age. Directions same as provided for the Picture Puzzle.

1. A messenger?
2. Mode of ancient punishment?
3. Means of inflicting it?
4. A piece of armor?
5. A devoted young man?
6. A South American fruit?
7. A place of worship?
8. Portion of a hill?
9. Spring flowers?
10. Three weapons?
11. The first American settler?
12. Emblem of victory?
13. An animal?
14. Two sides of a vote?
15. An emblem of royalty?
16. One way of expressing matrimony?
17. Youth and old age?
18. Part of a river?
19. Something found in a school?
20. Part of a stove?

You may send as many sets of guesses as you like, but each must be on a separate slip.

Mail your letter so that it will reach us not later than the morning of January 20th. All letters received after that date will be ineligible. Address: Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, No. 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Pleasantries.

No Admittance.

Little Bernard's mother was giving him a bath, and, just as the process was being completed, he heard his sister at the door.

"You can't come in now, Nellie," he called, "I'm Cupid."

Overdressed.

David Bispham tells of a man who waited for his daughter a long time. Finally he called upstairs: "What a time you girls take getting dressed for the concert. Look at me! Just a shirt, a tie, and cotton in my ears, and I am ready."

Fisherman's Logic.

"Paddy, my boy," said Mr. X. to an Irishman whom he observed fishing away at a favorite pool, "that must be a fine stream for trout."

"Faith, and sure and it must be that same," cried Paddy. "I have been standing here these three hours, and not a one of 'em will stir out of it."

He Knew.

"Now, my boy, tell me how you know an old partridge from a young one," asked the squire.

"By the teeth, sir."

"Nonsense, boy! You ought to know that a partridge hasn't any teeth."

"No, sir, but I have."

Sign of Precocity.

"Oi belave," declared the Irishman, "thot me youngest son's born t' be a surgeon."

"Phwat leads ye t' say thot?" asked his friend.

"Oi caught him usin' th' scissors on a book Oi'd lately bought, an' before Oi c'd stop him he cut out th' appendix."

She Had 't Enough.

A woman entered a photographer's gallery. "Do you take pictures of children?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much are they, please?"

"Three dollars a dozen," said the proprietor.

"Well," she replied, with a sigh, "I shall have to wait and come again. I have only eleven."

His Smile Came Off.

In a Pennsylvania town where the Friends abound a prim old Quaker spinster recently attended the marriage of her grandnephew, a young person who had in the course of his twenty-one years received much needed discipline at her hands.

The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and, at a pause in the wedding breakfast, the happy groom looked over at her with a beguiling smile.

"Tell us why thee never married, Aunt Patience?" he said, teasingly.

"That is soon told, William," said the old Quakeress, calmly. "It was because I was not as easily pleased as thy wife was."

"Davy Keith, don't you think it is very wrong of you to be eating that jam when you were told never to meddle with anything in that closet?"

"Yes, I knew it was wrong," admitted Davy uncomfortably, "but plum jam is awful nice, Annie. I just peeped in and it looked so good I thought I'd take just a weeny taste. I stuck my finger in—" Anne groaned, "and licked it clean. And it was so much gooder than I ever thought that I got a spoon and just sailed in."

Anne gave him such a serious lecture on the sin of stealing plum jam that Davy became conscience-stricken and promised with repentant kisses never to do it again.

"Any how, there'll be plenty of jam in heaven, that's one comfort," said he, complacently.

Anne nipped a smile in the bud.

"Perhaps there will . . . if we want it," she said, "but what makes you think so?"

"Why, it's in a catechism," said Davy.

"Oh, no, there is nothing like that in the catechism, Davy."

"But I tell you there is," persisted Davy. "It was in that question Marilla taught me last Sunday, 'Why should we love God?' It says, 'Because He makes preserves, and redeems us.' Preserves is just the holy way of saying jam."

"I must get a drink of water," said Anne hastily. When she came back it cost her some time and trouble to explain to Davy the real meaning of the said catechism question.—From "Arm of Avonlea."

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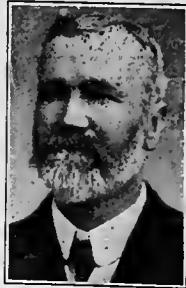
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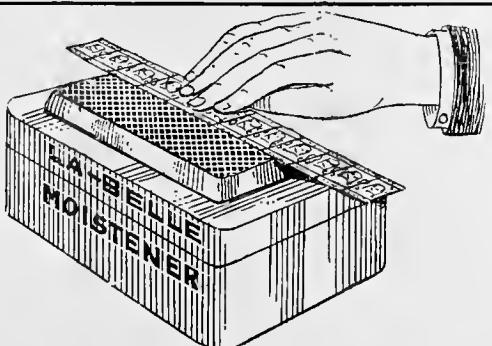
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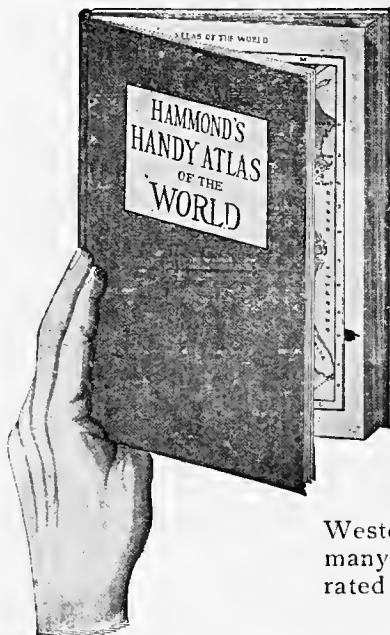
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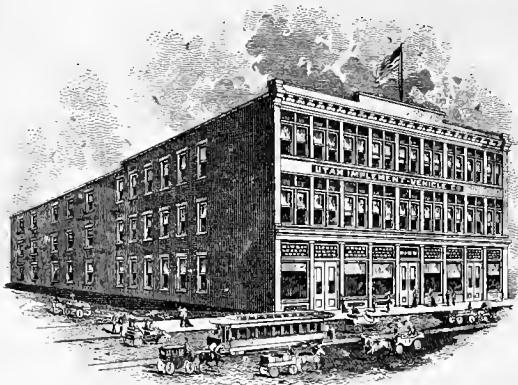


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